

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

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Tuesday, Nov. 27.—Play, LOVE WINS, under direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Orchestral Band, M. Evianon.
Wednesday, Nov. 28.—Lecture by Mr. Archibald Forbes, "Personal Experiences of War Correspondence." Orchestral Band, M. Evianon.
Thursday, Nov. 29.—Play, WAR TO THE KNIFE, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Orchestral Band, Evening Concert of Scotch Ballads and other music, Assault at Arms, Band and Pipes of Scots Guards, South London Choral Association.
Friday, Nov. 30.—Orchestral Band.
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great American orator, will deliver her startling Lecture, THE HUMAN BODY, THE TEMPLE OF GOD, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, DECEMBER 4th, 8th, 11th, and 14th. Letters to be addressed, care of Manager, St. James's Hall.

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THE
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

FOR DECEMBER, 12th, 1877, WILL BE THE

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third oldest established amongst the Court Jewellers of England. It was
first established in Bevis Marks, in the City of London, during the XVIIth
Century, was afterwards removed and carried on as a West-end Jeweller's
in Hanover-square, and from thence to 18, NEW BOND STREET.Warrants of Appointment were given during the reigns of George III.,
George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, as Jewellers, Goldsmiths,
Silversmiths, and Watchmakers."GOLD," by EDWIN W. STREETER.
SECOND EDITION. Fifth Thousand Ready at Christmas.THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

AN examination of a sheaf of those placards which are issued by the police describing people who are "missing" or "wanted" would afford curious proof of the lack of ability to draw significant pen-and-ink portraits of absent people, which obtains not only in the Force but amongst those persons who supply the authorities with what they consider a sufficient amount of information for the required purpose. For it is obvious that if the police had a more intelligent appreciation of what was required to furnish forth an adequate description of "the missing party," this latter would take a very different shape from the meagre catalogue of clothes and statement of height and probable weight which it most frequently assumes. During the past few days much excitement has prevailed in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of a young girl named Mary Young, aged fourteen years. She has not been seen by friends or neighbours since the first of the month. The following vivid description has been issued by the police:—"Missing, since the 1st instant, Mary Young; age, 14; height, 4 feet 10 inches; grey eyes, dark blue cloth jacket, dark grey alpaca skirt, black sailor hat, side-spring boots." Whoever supplied that description has a sense of colour, but it is sadly limited. The girl has grey eyes whose particular shade we may guess from the fact that the skirt which she wore when she was last seen was grey also. Whether her hair is grey, or blue, or magenta—or whether she was blessed with any at all—the describer omits to state. He is likewise silent on the shape of her face. Is that round or oval? white, red, brown, or sallow? Is she a blonde or a brunette? or neither? Is her nose straight, aquiline, or is it "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower"? What shape is her mouth? Is her voice entirely destitute of character and accent? Speaks she like an educated person? But why pursue the humorous inquiry further? Mary Young is missing. If in this wide world of London you should chance upon a person aged fourteen whose stature is two inches short of five feet—if, on careful examination, you find that she possesses grey eyes and a grey alpaca skirt, that her jacket is blue and her hat black, and that she wears side-spring boots—then, in Heaven's name send for the police!

THE ten or a dozen old chroniclers from whom we obtain all we know about William Wallace, paint him as a delightful person of the fee fi fo fum order, who having once smelt the blood of an Englishman, slain by him in a market brawl, ever after—"where he found one out of the others' presence" would agreeably contrive "to cut his throat or stick him suddenly." We learn from these old chroniclers that by dint of hanging those who refused to join him he got together a strong band of ruffians, who tied the hands of aged priests and helpless nuns behind their backs, and made them jump into rivers, burnt alive a school full of screaming children, forced English men

and women to dance before him naked, slew infants on their mother's breasts, killed all captives, and living by plunder, left behind him "nothing but blood and ashes." The *Daily Telegraph* being last Tuesday in a sermonising mood gave us a leader, from which the following is an extract:—

Human nature is so incorrigibly prone to self-sufficiency that it has occurred before now that a man has bragged because some remote ancestor of his was beheaded by one of the Plantagenets, or because his great-great-grandfather was hanged, drawn, and quartered for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. There may be cases, indeed, in which such vanity is pardonable; and a man might be indeed proud if he were lineally descended from the Wallace who was slain at Tyburn.

Who was in short, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn by one of the Plantagenets for the above amiable doings.

MR. IRVING never reads the papers, he says, says he—NE-VAH! And, indeed, while he is kept regularly informed of his own provincial triumphs and the consequent discomfiture of Barry Sullivan and that lot, by his own specially retained Herr Von Joel, why should he read the papers? By the way, how did the prophet of the only tragedian that ever lived like a certain cartoon which appeared in a recent number of *Zoo*? And has the faithful creature informed his rueful patron of its existence?

It is the intention of the Civil Service Supply Association to open, at the new branch in Bedford-street, a department for the sale of dramatic notices. This extension of business will, it is hoped, tend to restore that serene unanimity of tone in high-class dramatic criticism which the well-being of æsthetic upholstery imperatively demands. Henceforward we may look forward with confidence to the verdicts of the leading organs on the Chipendale chairs and blue china of modern comedy. The British Drama is safe if the members of the Beefsteak Club (who, it is needless to observe, will be allowed a liberal discount) only rally round the new department of the Civil Service Supply Association and patronise it as it deserves.

In an article on Gale's last insane "exhibition" at the Agricultural Hall a writer, in *Truth* says: "Islington has seen great changes in the course of its varied and chequered career. Here lived the 'Bailiff's Daughter' celebrated in the most pathetic of English ballads." We have nothing but praise for the writer's style, which is beautiful, but we venture to take a passing exception to his facts. A contributor to *Truth* should not heedlessly say the thing which is not. "Here"—in the neighbourhood of the Agricultural Hall—"did not live the 'Bailiff's Daughter' celebrated in the most pathetic of English ballads." Her Islington, we are assured by our own Monkbarns, was situated elsewhere than in the Borough of Finsbury.

MR. F. VILLIERS has for the present laid aside the book he was writing for Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. The main reason for this probably lies in the fact that much of the ground over which Mr. Villiers would have necessarily had to travel has been encompassed by the author of a work which Messrs. Cassell have in the press. Moreover, the exigencies of the case demanded a much bulkier book than the young artist could have conscientiously provided out of the limits of his own personal experience—great and almost unique as that has been—as "a special artist at the seat of war." That the book will be written is more than likely, with such additions as further experience will enable him to supply. The beginning of next month will probably find Mr. Villiers—whose health, we are glad to say, is thoroughly re-established—back again, in company with his friend Mr. Archibald Forbes, in the neighbourhood of Plevna.

THOSE are capital verses on "Shakspeare's Ghost" in the current number of the *Hornet*. This strikes us as being particularly neat:—

Slow rose the actor-author, not shamefaced,
For he the "Modern Shakspeare" had been "cried."
Small likeness, save in baldness, could be traced,
And his the baldness that was all inside.

WE owe an abject apology to the journal which weekly flickers in secure secrecy for having on several occasions translated paragraphs from its pages without acknowledgment. In the hope that we may be forgiven, we promise never to sin in like manner again. We humble ourselves in the dust. We attire ourselves in sackcloth and ashes. We are resolved never to rest under its damaging imputations more. In future, when in doubt about the elegance of our English, we shall take care to disarm the horse-collar person of the paper in question by playing a card from his own hand—and it is full of them—as we do now. The appended elegant extract is from the current number of *The Theatre*:—"Though to this impersonation it may fairly be objected that the actor lacks the requisite youth, especially of gait and of laugh, the effort is to be welcomed as a protest against the bad tone and indignant rattle which so often make our Charles Surtares appear forget that the dashing scapegrace was with all his faults a gentleman."

MR. BARSTOW is the most fortunate of metropolitan magistrates. When he is not provoking the admiration of the *Times* by the punishment he inflicts on those little boys who despoil the churchyard of St. Pancras of its house-leeks, he is attracting the attention of journals of greater levity (such as ours, for example,) by his brilliant flashes of meriment. Like the famous coroner who sat upon the Balham and Penge mysteries, he is for ever dealing with what are called fat cases. Custom (and he gets a deal of it) will never stale the infinite variety of his adjudications. His court is an arena vastly more entertaining than that wherein Little Sandy operates. And it

is never more amusing than when Mr. Barstow deigns to "deal gently with the erring," as a progress-poet—was it Linnæus Banks?—puts it. The other day Mr. Barstow was called upon to hear a charge preferred by John Williams, a druggist's porter, against William Atterton, for having obtained from him the sum of five shillings by false pretences.

The prosecutor said, that on Saturday afternoon he saw the prisoner selling brooches. He offered witness a packet for 2s. 6d., saying it contained three half-crowns. Witness purchased it, and found it to contain nothing but the brooch. Witness then bought another packet, the contents of which were the same.

The prisoner said it was absurd to suppose that he could sell three half-crowns for one. It was a question of chance. The prosecutor thought himself cleverer than he (the prisoner), and thought to take him by surprise.

Mr. Barstow: It seems perfectly ridiculous that people should be taken in in this manner.

The prisoner: A similar case was tried at Southampton before a jury, and the bill was thrown out. The case has also been before the Queen's Bench with a like result. (Laughter, in which Mr. Barstow joined.)

Mr. Barstow: I have a strong impression that I can convict you as a rogue and vagabond. You will enter into your own recognisances to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

In this case it was the magistrate who had a strong conviction, not the prisoner, which was lucky for the prisoner. But marvel not at the latter's familiarity with the law. He is a denizen of Clerkenwell; he has, we should conceive, been born and bred in the parish. He has studied the law delivered by the chief ornament of the local bench from his youth upwards.

WE regret to learn that Mr. Frederick Maccabe, who was well on with his highly successful tour through the sister isle, has suddenly been obliged to return home, ill.

PONGO is dead. "Why did Pongo die?" asks a contemporary. To which very proper question one may hazard the reply that Pongo died of the absurd treatment to which he was subjected, especially in respect of diet and whip, by his various "keepers."

MR. TOOLE will not open at the Globe "in a new comedy by Mr. H. J. Byron," but will make his bow in *Artful Cards*.

"A GENTLEMAN is now in England who, a few years ago, rode 197 miles in two days! The occurrence took place in Australia, and the animal that performed the task was a thorough-bred bay pony, twelve hands high, bred in New South Wales."

"If I did not do it, my boy, how could I get on?" "Do what?" "Why run my own critic! Since the poor dear Colonel's death I have found it absolutely necessary."

DR. KENEALY, M.P., wanted 1,000,000 sixpences, or £25,000 to be employed as an Election Fund, i.e. to assist in sending to Parliament men pledged to advocate the release of the nobleman "who is now languishing," &c., and support the Magna Charta movement—whatever that movement may be. His brave countrymen have not responded with due generosity. He has sung his song of sixpence in the presence of an almost empty poke. Two months spent in sending round the hat—and umbrella—and behold, sixpences eight hundred and odd! Listen to the wail of the doleful Doctor. Harken to the lamentation of the member for Stoke. "The Million Sixpences.—I am sorry that this proposal, intended to raise an election fund for the release of Roger Tichborne and the advancement of Magna Charta, is likely to be a failure. The enemy are crowing loudly. Be it so. I have done my duty, and if the people will not do theirs I am powerless. Bradlaugh and Besant raised £1,200 in a few weeks. Little more than £20 has been sent to me.—E. V. Kenealy, Stoke, House, Tavistock-square." The people are crowing loudly, are they, Doctor? Well, it is like their impudence. But never mind! So long as Stoke remains faithful to the chosen one, and the dewdrops do not give out, let him continue to proudly shake them from his rapidly thinning mane.

WALKING FOR THE CAKE.

MESSRS. MOORE AND BURGESS's new musical sketch introduced under the above title, as written and composed by Edward Harrigan, the talented American composer, is a charming and most attractive novelty which cannot fail to increase the popularity of these famous entertainers. Our artist's sketch of the juvenile performers and the mighty cake which is the grand object of their dainty contest, will be found a very faithful one by all who visit St. James's Hall at the morning or evening performances of Messrs. M. and B.

WE are indebted to our two Manchester contemporaries *The Athletic News* and the *Sporting Chronicle* for kindly recognitions of our portrait and Mr. J. G. T aylor's notice of the late Mr. G. H. Browne.

AT Cambridge on Monday evening the Amateur Dramatic Club (University) commenced their performances for the term with Lord Lytton's play of *Money*, and Mr. Tom Taylor's comic drama of *A Nice Firm*. Mr. Coe was stage manager.

AN important sale was held at Mr. Slater's Repository on Saturday, attracting a large gathering of lovers of horses. We have known more exciting sales and higher prices, but allowance must be made for a general depression of trade and the failure of the hop crop this year in the neighbourhood, which has a deterring effect upon many of the chief supporters of the Repository. The Earl of Guilford's horses were sent up in a condition characteristic of the establishment and fully maintaining its prestige for quality and judicious selection. Each horse met with a purchaser at an average of exactly 70 guineas each. Some very good hunters, the property of different gentlemen, followed, and they would not have disgraced more fashionable hunting countries.

A CONTAGIOUS disease, the nature of which is at present a matter of speculation, has, during the last few days been raging at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court, resulting in the death of three brood mares. Appeal, Viridis (dam of Springfield, and worth £4,000), and Australasia.

CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF.

No. 1.—LORD G. BENTINCK.

IN whatever quarter of the globe Englishmen congregate there horse-racing is sure to be found. We are, on the whole, a nation of turfites. The fame of English racehorses is world-wide. The famous sporting lawyer who wrote "The Post and the Paddock," "Druid," tells how in 1843 a quiet clerical friend of his remarked that being in one of the Lancashire mail coaches he was kept awake all night, because at nearly every house they passed the guard would roar out, in reply to some mysterious questioner, "The Cure." "He looked seriously into this mystic and somewhat personal pass-word in the morning, and found that a colt of that name had just won the Champagne Stakes. But even the satisfaction of knowing that sixty miles of querists had been put out of pain, did not atone for being deprived of his night's rest." It has been said that English horsemanship sits well on those whose ancestors fought and won their beautiful land under the great Saxon white-horse banner; and foreigners have ere now described the Englishman as a kind of centaur, compared with whom he of the ancient fable would be exactly nowhere, and with whom sport in the free, open air, is as natural and needful to his life as breathing. The popularity of the Turf is shared by its records, and it will be long before its lovers will cease to take an interest in portraits and sketches of its celebrities, past or present. A series of occasional sketches of turf celebrities, such as we now commence, will not therefore be out of place amongst our pen and pencil memorials.

"Sylvanus" in his "Bye-Lanes and Downs of England," describing a visit to Newmarket at the first great muster of a season, says:—

"The first personage who commanded notice was a tall high-bred man, about middle age, of the true Anglo-Saxon tint and countenance, dressed in a loose maroon double-breasted coat, with club buttons; a large cream-coloured muslin cravat and leather (buckskin) trousers, who seemed to still the ring when the quiet, rather womanish tones of his voice were heard, offering some mighty sum against a horse in the Derby. He had the genuine cut of an



LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.—(After a Sketch by the Count D'Orsay.)

English gentleman—so countried, yet refined—so quiet, yet determined in his air.

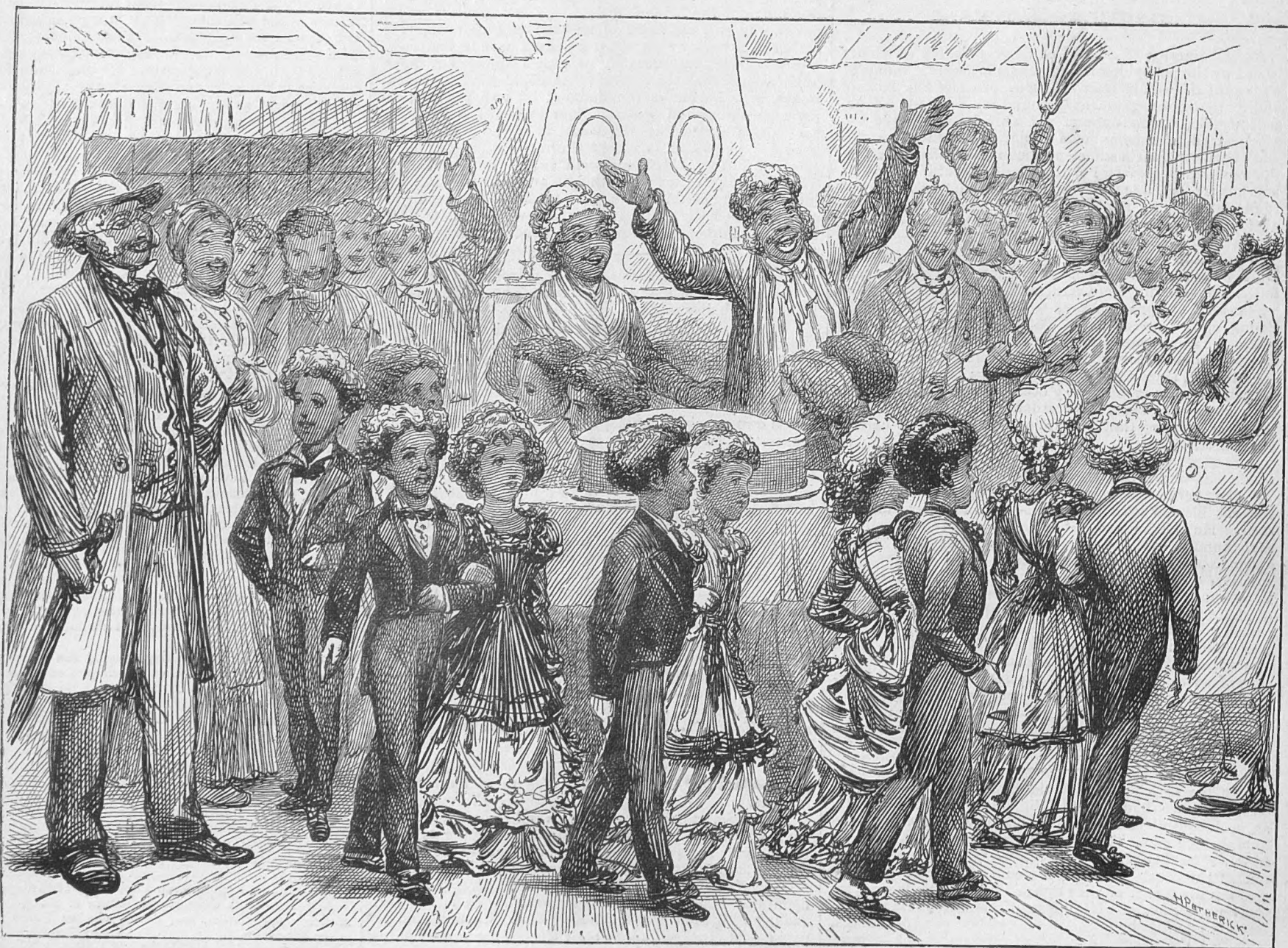
"I see who you are looking at," said O'Fay, before I had well inquired the name of the person I was regarding. "That is Lord George Bentinck—a lion of the turf and a very dangerous customer! He is a profound calculator; an excellent judge of a horse—spares no expense in training, vanning, and in keeping up his stud from the best blood, and will some fine morning give the Ring such a shaking as will make it tremble, or fly in pieces. He goes for great coups; and with an innate love of sporting, and proficiency in wood-or-turf-craft, brings the acuteness of a superior mind and consummate coolness to his aid in carrying out his racing schemes."

"If looks are any index to these qualifications," replied I; "his lordship seems all you say."

"Yes; and though he does not despise any man's information, Lord George has never been known to suffer any familiarity at the hands of any of the low squad—which is more than some of the order can boast. We some of us think he only races till an opportunity occurs of flying at higher game, and that he will retire as hastily as he suddenly burst upon the Turf."

This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, for his lordship disposed of his stud at a word.

Lord George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck was the third son of William Henry, fourth Duke of Portland, born on the 27th of February, 1802. In early life he entered the army, but quitted it to become a politician. In 1826 he was private secretary to his uncle, George Canning, who was then Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and in 1827 he sat in the House of Commons for King's Lynn. On the Turf, the Bentinck era, says "The Druid," comprises the seasons of 1839-45, when the hoister of the "sky-blue and white cap" banner ruled the destinies of his much-loved turf with all the genius and energy of a Napoleon. Even Westminster Hall acknowledged the polished skill with which he welded together all the links of evidence in the Running Rein case; and considering how often (unless rumour is a sad liar) five and six-year-olds were broken twice, that they might bear a hand in two and three-year-old races, it was well that he then arose in his might to give such knavish times a wrench. During



"WALKING FOR THE CAKE."—THE MOORE AND BURGESS NOVELTY AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

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pletely satisfactory specimen of vocalisation; but she is a better vocalist than three fourths of the prime donne who visit us, and if she continues to improve as rapidly as she has lately, it will not be long before she reaches the highest rank in her profession. Mdle. De Belocca being indisposed, the character of Siebel was entrusted to a young English débutante, Mdle. Lisa Perdi (Miss Purday), who a short time back made a favourable impression at London concerts, and subsequently studied in Italy. During the recent provincial tour of H.M. Opera Company she played three times, and a fortnight back we published the accounts given by the Cork newspapers of her success. On Monday last, although naturally nervous, she made a highly favourable impression, both as singer and actress. Her voice is more mezzo soprano than contralto, but is of sufficient compass and agreeable quality, and she sings with cultivated taste and true expression. She also has the merit of clear articulation, and her pronunciation of Italian is good. As an actress she shows dramatic intelligence, combined with personal grace, and her reception was of the most favourable kind. The other characters were filled as at the previous representation of *Les Huguenots*.

La Sonnambula was produced on Tuesday last, for the début of Mdle. Maimon as Amina. The accession of this admirable artist will greatly strengthen Her Majesty's Opera company, for it may safely be said that as a vocalist she is absolutely unsurpassed; indeed is—in some respects—superior even to Adelina Patti. Her execution of scales, chromatic passages, roulades, shakes, and other vocal embellishments is the nearest approach to perfection that can be imagined. She has not the faculty of enlisting the sympathies of her audience by those touches of nature which make "the whole world kin," and there are few tears in her voice, but her art is so consummate, that she awakens the delight of skilled musicians and the enthusiasm of amateurs. The house was crowded in every part, and Mdle. Marimon's splendid vocalisation elicited unanimous and hearty applause. It is not to be inferred that she was successful only when executing *tours de force*. Her cantabile singing was admirable, and every phrase received a sympathetic interpretation. At Covent Garden this gifted artist has been too seldom heard, and inferior vocalists have been allowed to sing the parts in which she should have appeared. The musical public may now anticipate the pleasure of hearing her in her legitimate line of characters, and, as "good wine needs no bush," Her Majesty's Theatre will probably be crowded whenever Mdle. Marimon sings. Mdle. Bauermeister as Lisa, and Madame Lablache as Teresa, were more than efficient. Signor Foli was the Count, and clung fondly to the inevitable riding-whip all through the opera. In "Vi Ravviso" he won much applause. Signor Fancelli's delightful voice was heard to advantage in the flowing strains of Bellini, and his acting as the rustic miller, Elvino, was appropriate.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia and *Il Trovatore* were announced for repetition on Wednesday and Thursday last. Of Mdle. Marimon's second appearance, in *La Figlia del Reggimento* (last night), and of the opera of *Ruy Blas*, by Marchetti, to be produced this evening, for the first time in England, we must speak next week. We cannot close our notice without paying testimony to the merits of Signor li Calsi, whose conducting secures the happiest results, and of the fine band, now strengthened by the arrival of MM. Lazarus, Horton, Standen, Wootton, and other well-known instrumentalists from the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. Qualified musicians are agreed on the point that the orchestral music at H.M. Opera during the current season has been more enjoyable than during the spring and summer season, when noise was often allowed to destroy the charms of melody, and singers were overpowered by the orchestra, which should have rendered them assistance.

OPERA COMIQUE—"THE SORCERER."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan occupies so distinguished a position in the musical world, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has attained so high a rank as a dramatic author, that any work produced jointly by them would be sure to attract a large space of public attention. Without repeating the long catalogue of their individual successes, we may refer to their collaboration in *Trial by Jury*, one of the happiest combinations of literary and musical wit ever placed on the stage. It was natural that the popularity of this amusing operetta should suggest to its authors a flight of a higher kind, and that they should seek to prove themselves capable of writing a comic opera. For some time past it was known that they had finished a comic opera in two acts, and when it was announced that their new work, entitled *The Sorcerer*, would be produced on the 17th instant at the Opera Comique Theatre, more than half the seats were bespoken before the box office opened. No doubt many visitors were allured by the affecting preliminary advertisement, in which the ostensible manager, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, assured the public that the new piece would "depend for its success simply on its merits, and not (on?) any meretricious displays of costume—or rather absence of costume or (on?) any objectionable suggestiveness of motive or dialogue." When Mr. Carte, blushing penitentially at his numerous and prolonged flirtations with opéra-bouffe, went on to express his belief that to "such a performance many will come, who have long stayed away from fear of having to sit through hours of dull and unwholesome frivolity," an odour of sanctity seemed to pervade the theatrical atmosphere, and the appeal of the regenerated Carte became irresistible. If there were fewer bishops present on Saturday night than might have been expected, it was not the fault of the manager; but we fail to see the necessity of his giving Mr. Gilbert a "clean bill of health," and certifying to the fact that Mr. Gilbert's libretto was free from "objectionable suggestiveness;" and we also regard the remark that the "author, composer, singers, and actors are all English," as a piece of clap-trap which had better have been omitted. Madame Celeste, Mrs. Lane, Herr Bandmann, M. Marius, and other foreign artists have been cordially welcomed by the English public, who like a good article, come whence it may, and will not be persuaded, even by disinterested patriots like Mr. Carte, to prefer British brandy to the "nasty foreign stuff" manufactured by Martell or Courvoisier. *The Sorcerer* required no preliminary puffing. The name of the librettist was a sufficient guarantee of its literary merit and purity of taste; the name of the composer was not likely to be associated with any other than masterly music. The brilliant gathering attracted to the Opera Comique Theatre on Saturday last, assembled there with confident anticipations of hearing bright and effective music, attached to a witty and piquant dialogue, and those anticipations were realised.

In the first act of the opera, the action takes place in the grounds adjoining the mansion of Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, an elderly baronet of the Sir Charles Grandison school (Mr. Richard Temple). His tenantry, assembled to partake of the banquet provided in honour of the marriage of Alexis, the baronet's son (Mr. G. Bentham) to Aline (Miss Alice May), daughter of Lady Sangazure (Mrs. Howard Paul), sing the opening chorus, "Ring forth, ye bells" (in D major 2-4) and the parish pew-opener, Mrs. Partlet (Mrs. Everard) learns from her daughter Constance (Miss Giulia Warwick) that the latter cherishes a secret affection for the vicar, Dr. Daly (Mr. Rutland Barrington). The song "When he is here," (in F 3-4), sung by Constance, is very

pretty, albeit that in one phrase it recalls the barytone air in *Faust*. Dr. Daly enters, and the recitative in which he says—

The air is charged with amatory numbers—
Soft madrigals, and dreamy lovers' lays,

is accompanied by delightful orchestration. His ballad (in D, common time) in which he recalls the time when he was "a pale young curate," worshipped by the female half of a parish, is a happy effort, both in words and music. Dr. Daly is insensible to the charms of Constance, who departs, with her mother. Dr. Daly remains, and Sir Marmaduke enters with his son, Alexis. Compliments are exchanged in ludicrously pompous blank verse—spoken "through the music" of a charming orchestral minuet. The three depart, and the female villagers enter, singing a melodious chorus "With heart and with voice," (in B flat 2-4) which is destined to become widely popular. Aline enters, and her charming air "Oh happy young heart," (B flat, common time) was excellently sung by Miss Alice May, and encored. Lady Sangazure and the other personages, villagers, &c., enter; and the duet "Welcome Joy," sung by her ladyship and Sir Marmaduke (one of the best numbers in the work) was enthusiastically encored. It is admirably written, each singer in turn addressing formal compliments to the other, to the melody of a gavotte, and then suddenly delivering rapid "aside" passages, expressive of fervent admiration. The manner in which the slow and rapid movements are combined, is worthy of warm praise. A Queen's counsel arrives; and, in a whimsical parody of *La Sonnambula*, Alexis and Aline approach the wooden table at which he is seated, and sign their marriage contract, which they "deliver as their act and deed." Alexis subsequently informs Aline that he has invited a visit from J. W. Wells & Co., "Family Sorcerers," St. Mary Axe, and presently the head partner of that firm, Mr. John Washington Wells (Mr. George Grossmith, jun.), arrives with a bottle of his "patent love-at-first sight" philtre, and sings a patter song, cleverly instrumented, "Oh my name is John Wellington Wells," (E flat 6-8), which was so well delivered by Mr. Grossmith, that an encore was demanded. Alexis engages "Mr. J. W. Wells" to put so much philtre into the tea prepared for the wedding guests, as will cause all the unmarried folks to fall in love with each other, and we learn that he who "drinks of it falls in love, as a matter of course, with the first lady he meets—who has also tasted it, and his affection is at once returned." An "Incantation Scene" follows, in which *Der Freischütz* is successfully parodied, and the supernatural horrors portrayed in the orchestration, are contrasted with the tender melodies sung by Alexis and Aline. The Finale to this act is masterly, especially the *tutti* passage, "Oh marvellous illusion," in which the sensations produced by the philtre on the different personages, are variously expressed.

In Act II, which takes place in the village market place, the results of taking the love philtre are shown. The unmarried folks are all in love, but are strangely assorted. Sir Marmaduke presents Dame Partlet, the pew-opener, as his intended bride; Constance in love with the old lawyer, Lady Sangazure makes desperate love to "Mr. J. W. Wells," and Dr. Daly is the only loveless inhabitant. Alexis, eager to secure Aline's love, begs her to take some of the philtre. She does so, in his absence, and Dr. Daly enters pensively playing a flageolet, which he employs comically as an obligato to his own song "So and so,"—a couple of droll verses, set to melodious music. Aline rushes into his arms; and when Alexis enters, she explains to that conspicuously "sold" young gentleman.

"You bade me drink—with trembling awe,
I drank; and, by the potion's law,
I loved the very first I saw!"

The spell is at last removed from the village, by the descent of the fiend J. W. Wells, amid a blaze of red fire, to "the place from whence he came." The *status quo* is restored, and the curtain falls to the joyous strains of the Bacchanalian chorus.

"Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
Now for the gay Sally Lunn!
The eggs and the ham, and the strawberry jam!
The rollicking bun, and the gay Sally Lunn!
The rollicking, rollicking bun!"

We refrain from attempting to give an idea of the wealth of wit, humour, and good tempered satire to be found in the libretto, but must testify to the excellent quality of the lyrics. Besides the musical numbers already mentioned, we must make mention of the quartet, "Oh joy! oh joy! the charm works well,"—the duet, "Hate me!"—and especially the quintet "I rejoice that it's decided" (in G flat, common time), which is the gem of the work. The melody is charming, and the part writing is worthy of Mendelssohn at his best. *The Sorcerer* will add to the fame of its composer, and may lead to the establishment of English comic opera as a permanent institution.

The artists above-named exerted themselves loyally, and the chorus and orchestra were almost always satisfactory. Mr. George Grossmith made a successful début as the Sorcerer, and speedily won the favour of his audience. Mr. Barrington, another débutant, was equally successful as Dr. Daly. The other artists sustained their previous reputations, and Miss Alice May as Aline, and Mr. Richard Temple, in his admirable impersonation of Sir Marmaduke, increased their hold on public favour. The mise en scène reflected credit on Mr. Charles Harris, the scenery and costumes were good, and the general excellence of the arrangements showed that Mr. D'Oyly Carte can manage his theatre better than his pen. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan were called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience, and there seems to be every likelihood that *The Sorcerer* will have a long career of popularity. The principal musical numbers are published by Metzler and Co.

Mr. Austin's annual "Scotch Ballad Concert" will take place at St. James's Hall on St. Andrew's Day, November 30. The programme contains between twenty and thirty popular Scotch pieces, and Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Walter Clifford, Mr. Santley and other popular vocalists, will assist, in addition to the band of the Scottish Rifles and the pipers of the Scots Guards.

FAVOURITES OF THE PROVINCIAL STAGE.

MR. CHARLES ASHFORD.

MR. C. ASHFORD'S popularity as a provincial actor is remarkably great, and he is well-known in Leicester, Liverpool, Nottingham, and the Midland Counties generally. He has since made his appearance in London, where it seems probable that he will now remain. He was born in Birmingham, but spent the larger portion of his youthful days in London, where he was apprenticed to an engraver, with whom he remained seven years. Instead, however, of following the profession he had acquired, he obtained an introduction to the stage through the kind offices of his uncle, Mr. David James, and made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, on 11th of February, 1871, under the management of Mr. Frank Musgrave. He remained at this house two seasons, and was afterwards engaged for Leicester (two seasons), Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Scarborough, and Hull, where he also remained two seasons. He also played with Mr. Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir" Company. Mr. Ashford is now playing at the Folly Theatre.

HUNTING NOTES.

THE Crown Prince of Hanover and Prince Christian, attended by Colonels Maude and Gordon, went out hunting on Saturday with Mr. Garth's Berkshire pack of foxhounds. Their Royal Highnesses left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, at half-past ten o'clock, and drove to New Lodge, Winkfield, the residence of Madame Van de Weyer, where the meet was held. The Princes, upon their arrival, were received and entertained by Madame and Miss Van de Weyer. The field assembled to meet their Royal Highnesses was very large. Their Royal Highnesses, after the hunt, returned to Cumberland Lodge.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, we regret to say, met with a severe accident while riding to hounds on Monday. With five or six others she was riding hard at the head of the hunt, when, in jumping into a road, her horse landed with his fore feet in a blind ditch and rolled over and over, bringing her violently to the ground. We are informed that no really serious injury was sustained beyond a good shaking and a slight dislocation of the left shoulder.

THE Bilsdale are making a good beginning, there being plenty of foxes and a prospect of a good season. The hounds have been out nine days and killed eight foxes, but Friday last afforded the best day's sport that has ever been known in this part of the country.

MR. STANFORD, 55, Charing-cross, has published a large-scale railway and station map of England and Wales, which ought to be found in the library of every enthusiast in the Sport of Kings. The map is in twenty-four sheets and is coloured to show the boundaries of Fox Hunts, "on the scale of three miles to one inch." Nothing could be more perfectly comprehensive, or, in point of clearness, better "set down."

WINDSOR GARRISON DRAGHOUNDS.—The above pack had another capital spin over the Harrow country on Monday. The day was fine, and there was a pretty good field out, including Lord Charles Ker, Lord Petersham, Mrs. Richardson, Colonel J. A. T. Garret, Mr. Calley, and Captain the Hon. R. C. G. Carington. A special train on the Great Western Railway left Windsor at noon for the purpose of conveying the field to the meet. The place of rendezvous was at Roxeth, Harrow, and the line chosen was over a nice piece of grass country to Harfield, about seven miles run. Soon after the start Lord Charles Ker came to grief and his horse scampered away, went to the finish, and seemed to enjoy the day's sport without its rider.

MR. O'HARA'S HARRIERS.—This pack had a capital run on Friday, the 16th, at Collooney. They "found" close to the railway, and had a splendid run of about four miles; puss eventually saved herself by getting into the demesne at Markree, when the hounds were whipped off. We were glad to see Mr. O'Hara in such fine health and riding in the front all through, and we hope he may long be spared to enjoy such a pack of hounds, which have been in the family for nearly 300 years.

MR. BURTON PERSE, for twenty-three years Master of the Galway Hounds, was on Wednesday week presented with his picture and a service of silver plate by the members of his Hunt and a few outside admirers of the splendid sport he has shown, and the indefatigable zeal and energy he has thrown into the perfecting of his pack, and the organising of his country under many difficulties. The presentation took place at Moyode Castle, Lord Clonbrock being the prolocutor. The picture is one of Lutzen's best efforts; and Miss Perse, on her hunter, is very happily introduced.

On Tuesday, the Queen's hounds met at Down Barn, Hayes, and "Young Captain" was turned out in the presence of a large field and a great number of spectators. The hounds were again handled by Goodall, the huntsman but Edrup, the first whip, was still unable to ride. The stag first led the field to Southall, where Lord Hardwicke, the master, was thrown over his horse's head, by reason of the animal stopping dead at a fence. His lordship pitched on his head, and it was feared that he was badly injured but fortunately this was not so, and all anxiety was soon dispelled by his remounting and continuing the chase. Mr. Tom Talbot, of London, a well-known follower of the pack, was soon afterwards thrown with such violence that his collarbone and some of his ribs were fractured. He was removed to Southall station, and conveyed home as soon as possible. The stag was ultimately killed by the hounds on the Watford side of Harrow.

At the Edgware Petty Sessions, Mr. Serjeant Cox in the chair, two gentlemen, named Nurse and Hunt, connected with the Collondale subscription pack of staghounds, were summoned; by Mr. Amery, farmer, Kingsbury, for committing damage to his fences while hunting. Complainant said that on the day mentioned in the information from fifty to sixty horsemen passed over his land for nearly a mile, and committed considerable damage. He had taken these proceedings for the purpose of ascertaining what were the rights of huntsmen. They seemed to think they could commit what damage they chose. He considered that on this occasion the damage amounted to £5 per horse, but as he only wished to know whether the practice was legal or not he would fix the sum at £10. He had been annoyed by sportsmen for years, and he estimated that the damage in this instance would take him a fortnight to repair. For the defence, Mr. F. Templar submitted that it was necessary to accuse the defendants of malicious damage to obtain a conviction against them. The members of the hunt were perfectly willing to pay for any damage they had committed. Mr. Serjeant Cox informed the complainant that he should have obtained proper advice before instituting the proceedings, as hunting was recognised as legal sport. He might enter an action in a civil court in respect of the damage he sustained. Complainant added that last year he was £50 out of pocket from a similar cause, and he did not mean to let the matter rest. The magistrates dismissed the summons, with costs against Mr. Amery.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK IN PARIS.

THERE was a fair gathering at the Tattersall Français, in the Rue Beaunjon, on Saturday to witness the sale of the individual members of the Dangu Stud, for whom Count de Lagrange was anxious to invite an offer from those who can appreciate horseflesh and blood. The twenty-five numbers on the catalogue were successively brought out and admired, but somehow or other bidding was not very brisk. The total result of the sale, taking one animal with another, could not, the correspondent of the *Sportsman* thinks, be considered as satisfactory.

YEARLINGS.	
Abandon, ch c, by Consul out of Aurora, by Harbinger	Bought in 22
Champeouis, b c, by Le Sarrazin out of Clarine, by West Australian	M. Born 24
Elvire, br f, by Ventre St. Gris out of Emérite (Roussillon's dam), by Emir	Bought in 62
Faucon, ch c, by Pompiet out of Fripponne, by Monitor	Mr. Hawes 19
Ma Belle Poule, ch f, by Gabier out of Maisonne, by Young Monarque	M. Perdon 14
Eolienne, ch f, by Flageolet, Dutch Skater, or Eole II. out of Graziosa, by Rataplan	Bought in 22
TWO YEAR OLDS.	
Deesse, b f, by Young Monarque out of Dulce Domum, by Cambuscan	M. Staub 50
Gitana, b f, by Ceylon out of Gertrude (La Noue's dam) by The Baron	M. Baresse 42
Jointure, ch f, by Cymbal out of Instruction, by Allez-y-Gaiement	Mr. Coward 200
Picador, ch c, by Gabier out of Fire Fly, by The Confessor	M. Born 35
Rodriguez, b c, by Le Sarrazin out of Rivale, by Young Gladiator	M. Astier 200
Virginia, ch f, by Dutch Skater out of Vaillante, by Charlatan	M. Costrejean 238
Vivane, br f, by Pompiet out of Va-te-Promener, by Nuncio	M. Staub 66

Lorna Doone was struck out of the Stamford Nursery on Tuesday. Elsham Lad (5 yrs), by Broomielaw out of Elsham Lass, after he had won the Trial Stakes at Manchester, on (Tuesday), was sold to Mr. W. Oakes, for 220 guineas.

Mr. Dunne, who for the last forty years has officiated at the scales at Warwick, was on Tuesday, we regret to say, unable, through illness, to discharge his accustomed duties.

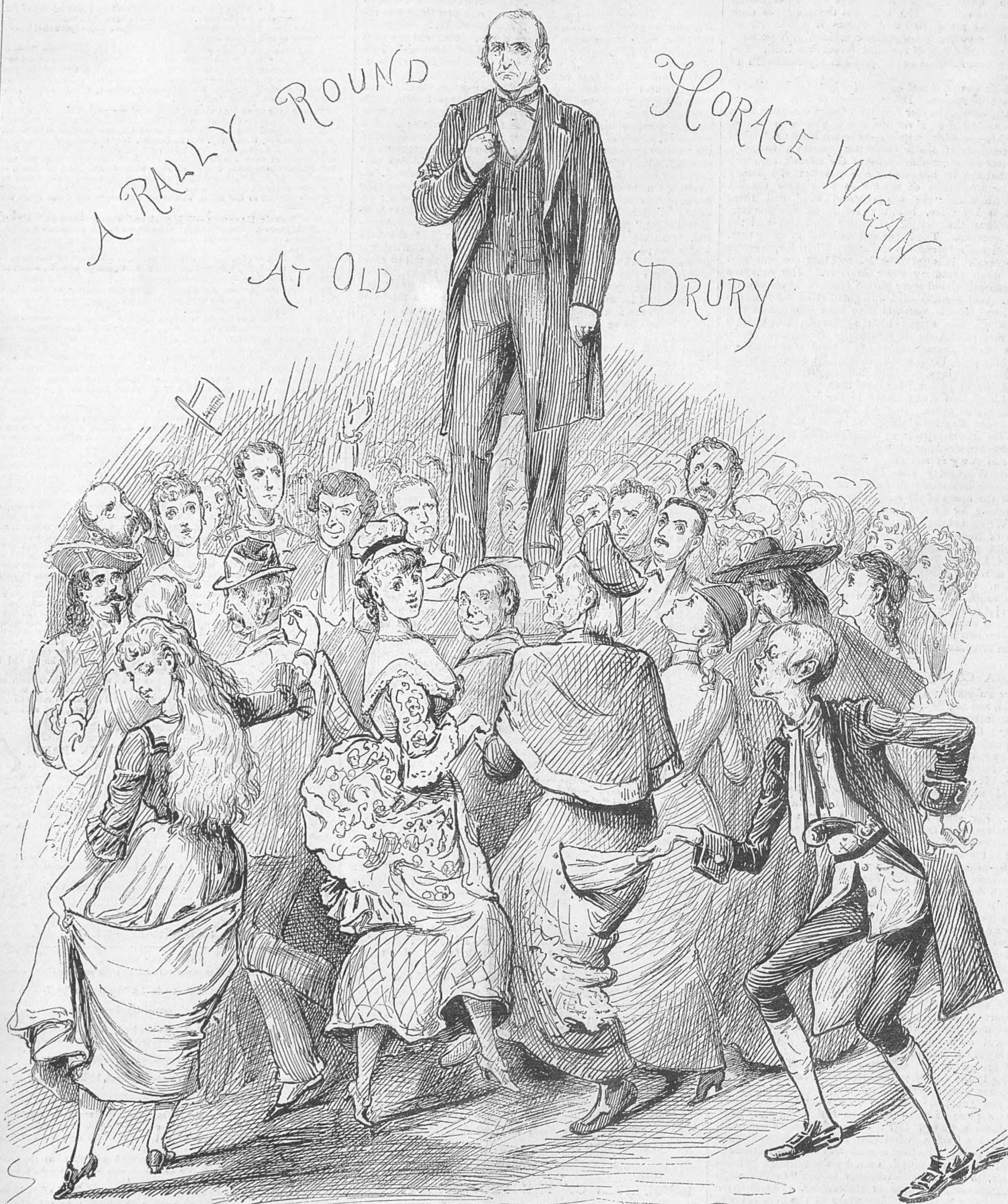
Young Sydmon (aged), by Sydmon out of Maid of Malvern, was bought by Mr. Howett for 100 guineas after winning the Rous Selling Plate at Manchester on Tuesday.

LEICESTER RACES, 1878.—The Gopsall Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 200 sovs. added, close, to H. Mason, Esq., Newark-on-Trent, on Tuesday next.—See Advertisement.

THE match between Mr. John Salt's (of London) mare Bonnie Lass and Mr. Joshua Mayer's (of Hanley) Boatman, to trot the best of three two-mile heats (an interval of forty minutes between each heat), for £50 a-side will be decided at the Recreation Park Trotting Track, Longton, on Monday, November 26th; to be on the mark at two o'clock precisely.

IN answer to Mr. C. Webbing's challenge, Charles Wivell, of Birmingham, will match his horse Nimrod to trot Mr. C. Webbing's Norah, for £50 or £100 a-side, the best of two five-mile heats round any enclosed ground in England, on the proviso that Norah gives Nimrod fifty yards start in each heat; also, Mr. Hill's Stargazer can be on at 200 yards start in each heat, for the same amount. To trot in four weeks from signing articles.—*Sporting Life*.

COUGHS, COLDS, PAINS IN THE CHEST, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, PHLEGM.—DR. LOCKE'S PULMONIC WAFERS give immediate relief and a rapid cure. Nothing else gives such a sound, refreshing night's rest. In rheumatism and nervous pains they act like a charm. Sold by all druggists at 1s. 1d. per box.—[ADVT.]



TURFIANA.

THE Manton stable, with discrimination worthy of being more extensively imitated, invariably sends up its draft at the conclusion of the racing season; and endeavours to make a clean sweep of its incumbrances, which in too many establishments are kept on, eating their heads off during the winter months, without any prospect of improving by age. In large stables there will always be found an ever increasing *residuum* of rips and screws, absolutely unprofitable to those who fly at such high game as Mr. Crawford; and however galling it may be to see buds of promise, the purchase money of which has run into four figures, unable to command a bid of more than two, it is the best plan to make up one's mind to the sacrifice, harden one's heart, and hope for better luck next time. Mr. Crawford has been, in his day, the pluckiest of purchasers, but ill-luck has most persistently dogged his steps, and no man has come across so few real nuggets during his racing career, from Lord of the Hills down to his latest expensive investment. Not content with securing the cream of two-year-old sales, the owner of the scarlet jacket has also a fairly large stud of brood mares as "feeders" to Alec Taylor's stable, and he has so far succeeded better as a private breeder than a public purchaser. Gang Forward and Craig Millar were both the results of his judgment in mating, and while we may some day regret the exportation of the Two Thousand winner, we shall be very curious to see how Craig Millar fares when brought up to face Mr. Tattersall on Monday next. When he had succeeded in defeating Balfe and Earl of Dartrey for the St. Leger, the followers of Blair Athol were absolutely wild with joy, and at once put Craig Millar down as a nonsuch, until he commenced to discount his Doncaster victory in a most alarming fashion, and was compelled to descend, step by step, the ladder of fame which he had mounted so vaingloriously a short time before. If it be true that no man is estimated at his real worth until he dies, we may surely say of a horse (and more especially of a St. Leger winner) that the sum he realises at the impartial hammer is, in nine cases out of ten, the true index of his value in the market. Therefore we shall regard the fate of Craig Millar, on Monday next, with more than ordinary curiosity. Eighteen stable companions, besides four brood mares, will be sent up at the same time, including some useful performers, but nothing much beyond plating form. Among the fillies there is a sister to Craig Millar; and two sisters to Musket, three and five years old respectively; Central Fire, a very dear purchase from the Yardley team at Doncaster two years ago; Trommel, by Parmesan out of a Rataplan mare, a couple of Young Melbournes out of Cavine and Devotion (both Stockwell mares), and a Blair Athol filly from Mayonaise, which reads like very soft breeding indeed. The brood mares are none of them very ancient, and all of them covered by the most fashionable sires of the day, though none have yet succeeded in making names for themselves at the Stud. Still, when you are about it, there is nothing like a thorough clear out, and we do not imagine many will be returned unsold.

Since our last week's article was published, we find it announced in the *Calendar* that Lord Lyon is to stand at Moorlands, where Knight of the Garter is also advertised to be quartered, and these, with Thunder and Speculum, should attract a goodly company of mares to the stud farm within sound of the Minster bells. It is refreshing to find the glorious old county still animated with the sporting instincts for which its sires have



MR. CHARLES ASHFORD.

so long been famous; and it is quite evident that neither in breeding nor racing does the enthusiastic Tyke mean to knock under to the "proud Southron," albeit the tide of success has set so persistently in the direction of his ventures of late years.

It may be said that English breeders need no encouragement, seeing that our principal stud farms must be put down, for the most part, as paying concerns. We should begin to open our eyes, and to question our sanity, if we heard of premiums having been awarded by a grateful government to Blair Athol and Scottish Chief for their services at the stud; but in France they manage things differently, and there are honours and rewards for the most successful sires. Among the very choice collection of M. Lefevre at Chamant, four of these have been singled out for distinction, and while Mortemer naturally secures the "lion's share" of 3,000 francs, to Cymbal and Flageolet sums of 2,000 francs have been

awarded, and 1,000 francs to Blenheim, all "well-known characters" upon the English turf. Report speaks most highly of Flageolet's stock, and Cymbal has done remarkably well with a whole host of winners, while his last batch of foals sent up to Count Lagrange's training quarters, are spoken of as something quite out of the common. In England, Cymbal had the character of a mere T.Y.C. horse, and his efforts were consequently confined to short cuts, though there was plenty of money behind him when he started in Kingcraft's Derby. Not built on a large scale, he was a shapely, level, well-balanced horse, and a beautiful mover, while his Kettledrum parentage is an additional recommendation in the eyes of those who lament the present scarcity of Rataplan blood in "tail male." We venture to say that a horse of Cymbal's class would have been an utter failure in this country; and perhaps the key to the success of foreigners with "cast offs" of this description, is to be found in their sublime faith in good blood; and the bold policy they adopt of giving their fancies a chance with the very best mares they can procure.

We might very appropriately take up our parable and read a homily upon the fallibility of human judgment in horseflesh, after attending the blood stock sale at Albert Gate last Monday. Eight yearlings collected during the summer were then disposed of at prices which would cause breeders to sit down and wring their hands could they believe their quondam pets would come to this complexion at last. The false policy of going in for cheap yearlings was also fully illustrated, for though bargains may be picked up now and then, in nine cases out of ten there is something radically wrong with the weeds which have to be "taken away" incontinently, or which can only elicit a "pony" bid, even under the influences of Cliquot or Roederer. The eight yearlings which came up on Monday reminded us more of December foals than November yearlings, and might, by the look of them, have been turned out on common or waste land during the autumn, to pick up a morsel of sour, rank grass with thistles as a relish. We wonder that some of the hunting men who crowded the yard, intent on picking up one of Mr. Toynbee's hunters, did not make a bid for the lot, and have them boxed or trucked off to the kennel coppers, to be boiled down on the first opportunity, and converted into dog's meat.

In France, sales by auction of blood stock are much more common than formerly, and we fully expect in course of time to see many more breeders sending up their yearlings to the hammer. Should this be the case, some real "reciprocity" might be established between the two countries, and an interchange of blood would benefit both parties. Already we perceive signs of an anxiety among our countrymen to dip into foreign strains, which have either altogether failed us or have become scarce; but if we can go into the open market as purchasers of yearlings, we shall in time get all we want back again, without having to seek it by means of sending our mares across the Channel to the crack sires of la belle France.

The "passing" of a Turf notability is announced in the death of "Ginger" Stubbs, decidedly a man of mark in the betting ring some twenty years ago, when speculation ruled heavier and more genuine than at present. There were giants in those days, who made the heaviest of Derby books, and were not averse to taking out their pencils by a yearling sale ring side, and accommodating purchasers of crack lots with such comfortable prices as 10,000 and 150, and the like munificent odds. "Ginger" was one of those daring spirits, who would be put down as a madman in these milk-and-water days, when "besting" is the game, and when a man, having laid a big bet, but at the legitimate



"ONCE IN A CENTURY," SKETCHES FROM GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

odds, wishes to cry off it the next day. "Ginger," however, got rather too "hot i' the mouth" against Thormanby during the winter and spring of 1859-60, and Mr. Merry promptly availed himself of certain of his heavy offers against the Russley chestnut, which many stood against, in the belief that his hard work as a two-year-old had settled the son of old Alice. On that black Monday for the Ring, when Mr. Merry went in for realising one of the largest stakes over the Derby, "Ginger's" account was among the missing ones, and henceforth the Ring knew him no more in the capacity of one of its most daring leaders. "Ginger," however, is known, as the saying goes, to have had his wits about him, and as report says that he had amassed a considerable fortune, he, doubtless, managed to rub along profitably enough. Of a vivacious and impulsive temperament, "Ginger" was reckoned particularly "good company" in the circles he affected, and many of his odd stories and quaint remarks are retailed to this day among those who cultivated his friendship. With all his bluster and swagger, we would there were more like him in the Ring of to-day, when a "dead 'un" on which to operate is the ambition of the many, and legitimate odds exist only in the heated brains of "Continental" speculators.

The last two days racing at Shrewsbury call for no very lengthened commentary, but Norwich's withdrawal from the Cup at the eleventh hour was a proceeding so totally at variance with the usual straightforward policy of Mr. Crauford that it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, especially as we have lately had occasion to take exception to similar action in the case of Woodlands. Peterborough was but a poor substitute for the sister cathedral city, and so "that old Pageant" had the way clear for him, Hobbloom and Zuchero being the runners-up. Bugle March and Birbeck, both sons of Trumpeter, divided hurdle race honours on the Tuesday, and Bab-at-the-Bowster filly and Midsummer were heroines of the Nurseries. Strike seems to be running into form with age, and may ripen into a humble imitation of Springfield and performers of that kidney, should he "train on." The Newport Cup performance was not a bad one, and seeing that Controversy, too, is undoubtedly a son of the Miner this sire should be permitted to languish in the cold shade of opposition. Altogether, Shrewsbury must be put down a success, if the fields were not quite so large as in former years, and the meeting has fairly outdone its rivals at Liverpool and Warwick, owing to a more liberal regime and better management in the control of the betting department. During the recess, we trust that some influential follower of sport, with the heart and determination to carry out a long needed reform, will apply himself diligently to devise some measure, whereby that monstrous anomaly of thieves and welshers consorting with good and safe men in so-called "Tattersall's enclosures" may be modified if not abated; and all desirous of upholding the credit of racing should concern themselves in purifying the present unwholesome atmosphere of the Ring. We are persuaded that a little quiet determination will work wonders, and heartily commend the task of "regeneration" to those who have shown themselves foremost in combating other racing scandals.

Being warned that space is not at our disposal this week for any extended notice of the meetings at Warwick and Manchester, we may notice their salient features in our next communication; and as the future is a blank, so far as flat racing is concerned, we have no anticipations with which to furnish our readers. Derby betting is as yet a dead letter, and we need not trouble to dissect the claims of candidates until the new year at least. Meanwhile we shall have something to say on breeding topics.

SKYLARK.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

By A. H. WALL.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

(Continued from page 199.)

THE public had sympathised deeply with the loss John Kemble had sustained in the burning down of Covent Garden Theatre. The Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—sent him a gift of one thousand pounds, and the Duke of Northumberland sent him a cheque for ten times that amount; which Kemble respectfully declined to accept, save as a loan, and in exchange for his bond. On the day of the grand ceremony, when the Prince laid the foundation stone of a new theatre, John Kemble received a letter from the more than princely Duke, saying: "This being a day of rejoicing, I conclude there will be a bonfire, and therefore request that the enclosed obligation may be thrown in to heighten the flames."

The new theatre was announced to open, with *Macbeth* and a musical farce on Monday, September 18, 1809—ten months after the conflagration—the principal parts in the tragedy to be filled by Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and his brother Charles. The chief shareholder, Mr. Harris, having suggested that the heavy expenses of rebuilding, and the additional costliness of the company, with its operatic members—one being that most greedy and unrivalled vocalist, Madame Catalani—necessitated increased charges; the prices were modified—the pit was to be four shillings instead of three and sixpence, the boxes seven shillings instead of six, and the one shilling gallery altogether done away with. London playgoers of the pit and box class received this announcement with a burst of indignation, which was shared by the frequenters of the two shilling gallery when they heard that it was hoisted nearer the roof, and out of sight of the stage, to accommodate a third row of boxes. Greatly enraged, moreover, were those who had nightly filled the one shilling gallery, when they found themselves altogether excluded. As strongly indignant, moreover, were the moral playgoers, when they heard that some of the boxes were converted into private ones after a fashion that had been common even in the days of Shakspeare. "Privacy, indeed!" said the Mrs. Grundy of that day, "what good can people be up to who want private boxes at a play?" Altogether, a terrible storm was brewing, and the actors knew it. You may be sure that no little trepidation reigned in the green room of that grand new theatre when the opening night came and the characters were dressed for their parts. The great John Philip Kemble was restless and uneasy, the greater Mrs. Siddons was pale and anxious, and her brother Charles shared the family disquiet, for in those days—as many a fearful riot had strikingly shown—the wrath of offended playgoers was terrible indeed. Madame Catalani was told she might be pelted with apples, and shrugging her shoulders, replied that she hoped they would be roasted.

I have amongst my books a copy of a rare little volume called "The Rise, Progress, and Termination of the O. P. War, in Poetic Epistles; or Hudibrastic Letters from Ap Simpkins in Town, to his friend Ap Davis, in Wales; including all the best songs, placards, toasts, &c., &c., which were written, exhibited, and given on the occasion. With Illustrative Notes, by Thomas Tegg." This little work, said to have been written by the author of "Dr. Syntax," tells us how on the eventful evening

Near to the doors what numbers push'd!
As soon as opened in they rush'd!
At first the pit seemed rather dull!
By six o'clock the house was full;
And the first lady that appeared
With loud huzzas by all was cheered.

In recognition, we suppose, of her courage; for in those days it was usual, as the preliminary action to a common play-house riot, to politely, but firmly, escort all ladies from the theatre. The poetic epistle continuing, says—

The band struck up *God save the King*,
And several times the song they sing;
Then *Rule Britannia* next they play'd,
Which some to sing also essay'd.
The band the music might have sav'd,
While h'sts and handkerchiefs were wav'd.
At length the curtain up they drew,
And Kemble on the stage we view.
To give us an address he came,
To talk of "sparks from Greece"—the "flame
Of an illumined age"—the "fire
Of Shakspeare" which we must admire;
But so vociferously they roared
I did not hear a single word.
The play began, but at this time
'Twas like the *Circus* pantomime,
And gave as little satisfaction
As Elliston's *ballet d'action*.
When Kemble entered as Macbeth,
It was in vain he spent his breath,
For not a word could reach the ear:
E'en Mrs. Siddons I couldn't hear.
With noise was Charles Kemble hail'd—
The uproar e'er ywhere prevail'd.
"Off! Off!" "Old Prices!" were the cries.
"No Catalani!" and "No rise!"
What barking, braying, hooting, storm'd,
The actors in dumb show perform'd,
Those in the pit stood up with rage,
And turn'd their backs upon the stage.

The actors, however, stuck to their work, and in dumb show went through both tragedy and farce, concluding the latter at eleven o'clock. The curtain came down, and in accordance with a standing order the fire engines kept on the premises were wheeled upon the stage. But the audience refused to leave the building, would not allow the lights to be put out, stamped, shouted, beat with their sticks, and cried for the managers. Presently the curtain was drawn up, the stage lights relit, and with a greater roar the fire-engines were discovered, for it was supposed that they were placed there to play upon the rioters. At this King Mob grew furious, and the smashing of woodwork was heard, as a couple of magistrates—Messrs. Nares and Read—walked down to the dimly flaring oil floats, and amidst laughter and cries of mockery, began to read the Riot Act. "Off! off!" and "No magistrates!" were the cries mingling with clamorous demands for "Harris and John Philip Kemble!" The magistrates retired in despair, and then boxes, pit, and galleries redoubled their savage cries and threats. The storm, fierce as it was, became intensified when a band of Bow-street runners were seen forcing their way amongst the audience to seize some of the more furious ringleaders. A desperate struggle ensued, in which coats were torn into ribbons, and blows were freely given and returned. Some in the pit, forming a ring, began a furious dance to the tune of "God Save the King," bellowed and shrieked from hundreds of voices already hoarse with shouting.

And while performing these wild feats
They played the devil with the seats.

Until at last, when one o'clock had struck, exhausted with their own efforts, the grand new classic theatre was deserted; and the rioters having dispersed and gone noisily away through the dark streets to their various homes, the Kembles descended from the private box in which they had witnessed with terror and dismay the wanton destruction wrought on the seats, decorations, and draperies, to go home also. John angry but resolute, determined not to be coerced; Mrs. Siddons was in tears; Charles very pale and anxious.

On the following night the theatre was opened at the usual time with *The Beggars' Opera*, amidst a greater uproar than that of the previous night, for says "poetic epistle" No. 2:—

John Bull was now resolved to show
He was a formidable foe.
In dudgeon he the prices took,
And imposition would not brook;
In truth, the *private boxes*, sir,
Did chiefly his chagrin incur,
For—would you think it?—the third tier
The managers had let *per year*!
And these had snug apartments got,
To chat, to lounge in, and—*what not*?

The actors spoke and sung in vain—
Chaos, thought I, is come again!
While thus with noise the play-house shook
Some of the fair their seats forsook.
Tremendous scuffles then arose,
Which paved the way for kicks and blows.

A rush was next made for the stage, on which a band of the Runners from Bow-street suddenly appeared until they were hooted and pelted off, but not before the stage carpenters had produced a more effectual barrier between actors and audience by unfastening all the trap doors, and

By this manoeuvre they appear
To have kept the stage at present clear.

Again the constables appeared amongst the audience, fighting their way to haul off here and there a ringleader to the neighbouring watch-house, the captives shouting lustily, as with torn clothes and bleeding faces they were dragged through the street, "Old Prices! Old Prices!" On this occasion the curtain fell at nine o'clock, but it was midnight before the rioters departed.

On the third night, Cooke was announced to play *Richard III.*, but again the riot prevailed, and this time was conducted, although with equal violence, more systematically by a secretly appointed committee.

Though Mr. Cooke King Richard played,
None listened to a word he said.
'Twould not have mattered much I ween
Had he that night, as usual, been.

But, for a wonder, on this occasion Cooke was sober, and went steadily through his part half deafened with the sounds of trumpets, cat-calls, bugle-horns, hisses, groans, shouts of O. P. (old prices), and the fluttering wings of pigeons let loose by the audience to fly about the stage with O. P. tickets fastened to them. Cries against "the old Italian Cat" (Catalani), and shouts for native musical talent arose, placards were hung over the boxes and chandeliers, inscribed with "O. P. for ever!" or "No hired Ruffians!" or "No Private Boxes—all Free!" and many other inscriptions of a like kind. All London was astir with excitement, and vast crowds assembled outside the theatre night after night, for these riots, strange to say, went on with constantly increasing violence for no less than sixty-six nights! A subscription list was opened to raise funds to defend the rioters who were apprehended. The part played by Charles Kemble during these memorable riots appears to have been that of watchfully restraining his brother John from boldly exposing himself to the chance of personal ill-treatment. On more than one occasion, it is said, John may have owed his safety, and perhaps his life, to his brother's affectionate remonstrances and entreaties. After the first few nights of the O. P. disturbance, it became the rioters' custom to leave the theatre and march through the streets singing O. P. songs to popular airs, and to assemble before the house in which the Kemble family resided, to the intense alarm of the female portion of it. Here John and Charles

* The model selected for the new theatre was the Temple of Minerva in the Acropolis at Athens.

had the pleasure of hearing sung to the tune of "Chevy Chase" verses, of which the following was one:—

To chase the Cat with howl and horn
John Bull went to the play:
And tho' she laughed him to scorn
I trow he won the day.

Or to the tune of *God save the King*:—

God save great Johnny Bull,
Long live our noble Bull,
God save John Bull.

Make him uproarious,
With Lungs like Boreas,
Till he's victorious,
God save John Bull.

No private boxes let,
Intriguing ladies get
Thy right John Bull

From little pigeon holes
Defend us jolly souls,
And we will sing by goles,
God save John Bull.

Or roared out in mighty chorus:—

You cobblers lay by your awl, and tailor's lay by your thimble,
Bricklayers, aye, and bakers too, and frisk away so nimble;
All trades agree, advised by me, for once leave off your slaving,
And barbers lay your razors by—

and so on, changing presently perhaps to—

John Kemble he would an acting go;
Heigho says Kemble.
He raised the price which he thought too low,
Whether the public would let him or no;
With his rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,
And Oh! says Manager Kemble.

or to

Johnny leave the pit alone,
Let them crack their wit alone,
Can't you let them sit alone,
Let them sing O. P.

and so on, or else—

You've heard of John Kemble, the king of the stage,
Who has put John Bull in a terrible rage,
About his new play-house built up in a trice,
But he could not content himself with the Old Price,
Right tooral, looral, &c.

with a long string of succeeding verses; or, to the tune of the Bay of Biscay:—

Loud roared the watchman's rattle,
Dust bells began the din,
Announced the hour of battle;
'Twas half price rushing in.
Whilst o'er the rascal crew
Vast consternation flew
At the sight,
On the night
In the new-built play-house O!

With many another like parody shouted forth in the darkness with the full power of hundreds of stentorian lungs. Boaden tells how on one such occasion John Kemble, hearing himself vociferously called for, resolved, with the mixture of simplicity and intrepidity which distinguished his character, "to go out," as he said, "and speak to them." The prudence and affection of his brother Charles prevented his doing so, or it is likely that the tempting opportunity afforded by darkness and confusion, with the exasperated feelings of the assailants, might have brought about some desperate catastrophe.

"All London, and half England," says Frederick Reynolds, "were engaged in this mighty contest; and had the dethronement of a powerful despot, instead of the humiliation of a liberal manager been the object of these numerous and desperate malcontents, they could not have pursued their purpose with greater vigour and animosity." On the 14th of December, when this protracted warfare terminated in favour of the rioters, and the managers were defeated, the same writer tells us that, "the glorious news was immediately spread throughout the kingdom by the coachmen and guards of the various coaches, wearing in their hats a label, on which was inscribed in letters, as formidable in size, as important in expression, the word 'VICTORY,' surmounted by sprigs of laurel. Never, indeed, had England more real cause for triumph, for now, all her free-born sons, instead of paying four shillings, could positively march into the pit for three shillings and sixpence; and thus every independent John Bull who visited the theatre four times in the season would save two shillings!"

Reynolds tells an amusing story of a French gentleman, who on the twelfth night of this riot came rushing out of the theatre in a great rage, crying: "Morbieu—dere be de grand mob riot in de house—mais arratez un moment, and you shall see how I will stop him!"

"Indeed," replied Reynolds, "then you are the very man for whom we have been so long searching."

"Oui, yes—you shall see," he rejoined, seeking the soldiers on guard, outside. "Ah! *les voila*—dere they be who shall stop him!—*Venez, mes amis! Venez, Soldats.*"

The soldiers remained silent and motionless. The enraged Frenchman in vain cried, "coquins! I will have you broke-flog!" while as vainly Reynolds strove to make him understand that they dared not interfere, "Non! *pourquoi donc*," cried he stamping violently, "are dey here at all!" And to this very day that Frenchman's indignant query remains unanswered. John Kemble felt the humiliation of his defeat very deeply. For two years he fought against bad business, reviving Shakspeare, and doing all in his power to restore the declining fortunes of Covent Garden, until in 1812, broken in health and spirit, he determined to follow the example of his sister Mrs. Siddons, and retire from the stage. In two years, however, he returned to his darling profession, and was received with such an outburst of delight, as fully proved how seriously he had been missed, and from that time forth he remained the greatest actor in England, or, perhaps, in the world, until Kean arose to dispute his right to the histrionic crown.

(To be concluded next week.)

RABBITING.

In the reign of James I., a sportsman before he could go rabbiting had to prove his possession of hereditaments of the yearly value of £40, or be worth £200 in goods, or have an enclosed rabbit warren worth 40s. a-year. "In good King Charlie's merrie days, when loyalty no harm meant," as the old song goes, other severe laws were enacted for the protection of bunny, and in the reign of George I. rabbit poaching was felony, to be dealt with "without benefit of clergy!" George III. made it transportation for seven years to enter a rabbit warren "in the night time, and there and then take or kill any coney against the will of the owner, or aid or assist therein." How the law stands now most sportsmen know, but in connection with our subject a brief glance backward seems not altogether out of place.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOK, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable. I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes: 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d. each.—[Advt.]

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, preserves and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, eradicates tartar and spots of incipient decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.—[Advt.]

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

No one can accuse me of undue egotism if I draw attention to the first-rate tip I gave last week for the ten miles challenge cup of the London Athletic Club, which proved a gift for my selection, Jas. Gibb, whilst I was equally lucky with the placed men, and although only four actually started, and that quartet the ones I mentioned, at the time I wrote I only had the plain entries to deal with. Gibb's time for each mile was—one mile, 4 min. 54 sec; two miles, 10 min 10 sec; three miles, 15 min 55 sec; four miles, 21 min 2½ sec; five miles, 26 min 27 sec; six miles, 32 min 7 sec; seven miles, 37 min 46 sec; eight miles, 43 min 30 sec; nine miles, 49 15 sec; ten miles, 54 min 49 sec. From six miles and upwards these are the best times on record. There was also a quarter of a mile handicap, and this proved a gift to H. S. Orton, 30 yards start, in 51 2-5 sec, good enough in all patience, but what was Hazen-Wood, the recent importation, doing to be unplaced with 11 yards? I should have stood Elborough to have been there or thereabouts from scratch.

On Saturday and Monday last the St. John's sports were held at Oxford, the *victor ludorum* being M. Shearman, who won four events, and was placed second and third, respectively, for two others. The three miles strangers' handicap fell to P. A. Sullivan, of Keble, who had the absurd start of 625 yards from E. R. J. Nicolls, of Christ church, who, having run two miles in 10 min. 37 sec., wisely retired, the winner's time being 14 min. 32 sec. Tuesday and Wednesday saw the members of my dear old Exe'er, in possession of the University grounds. C. W. Bowman although heavily penalised, carried off no fewer than five events. As usual, however, the strangers' half mile race, all off the mark, was the event of the day, especially as Hazen-Wood, the northern crack, and now of the London A. C., had come down to run, he, however, although he led at the straight was then seized with that useful complaint "stitch" in the side, although the pain is often a trifle higher up, and H. A. Wheatley, a member of the House, won by eight yards from E. B. S. Escott, of Balliol; time given as 2 min. 2 sec. At Cambridge since my last, Jesus and Trinity have both held meetings, and also the amalgamated club of third Trinity and Kings'. E. Baddeley and W. Collier were the principal performers at the Jesus re-union, the strangers race, a 120 yards handicap falling to S. Palmer of Corpus, who with 5 yards, won easily in 16 4-5 sec. Of the Trinitarians, L. Knowles and J. H. Lonsdale were most successful; the open event falling to W. D. Challice, St. John's, 10 yards start, and C. W. Foley of King's, 23 yards, who ran a dead heat, the pair subsequently agreeing to divide. In the amalgamated meeting, Scott-Chad, Foley, and Lonsdale, were the most conspicuous, and G. R. Eden of Pembroke, who had 25 yards start, won the strangers' half-mile handicap in 2 min 2 4-5 sec. From America I hear that Harry Armstrong, the amateur champion across the "silver streak," has walked four miles in 20 min 40 4-5 sec, thus beating all record. The Yankee papers have gone mad over it, and talk of his having "but one superior, even if superior he be, and that is Perkins." I rather guess, as they say over there, that "Harry" had better turn professional and come over here. He could make a pot of money in one match, as our champion would be only too glad to give him a chance for £500 or so. However, I don't wish to underrate the American, as my correspondent tells me he is a real good man, and I don't see why America should not produce as good a man as England, although of course my sympathies are with the Britisher. On Saturday the London A.C. hold a two miles handicap. The starts are not yet out, but the entries include a lot of men who can have no chance. Gibb does not appear amongst the entries, but fairly handicapped, I should esteem the chances of Fuller, Tyler, and Thomas, with Waddington as a dangerous member if going. The Railway Clearing House Harriers have a run the same afternoon, the start to take place from the Vale of Health Hotel, Hampstead, at three o'clock, sharp.

At length Gale has finished his marvellous tramp of 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes, the final quarter taking place at a few minutes to eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, and in the presence of nearly 8,000 persons; he walked it in 2 min 4 sec—the fastest time during the tramp. Unlike others who have gone long journeys, Gale has never suffered from blistered feet, this no doubt resulting in a great degree from the well-adapted lace-up boots specially supplied by Mr. Winter. Detailed accounts of the walk would be but dull reading, and therefore in lieu I append the medical report from the Medical Press and Circular:—"Gale completed his walk of 4,000 quarters of a mile in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes, making thirty six miles every twenty-four hours for twenty-eight days, on the 17th inst. He started suffering from catarrh of the nose and rheumatic pains in the limbs. Without the knowledge of Mr. Gant, who was in medical attendance on him throughout the walk, he indulged in a diet not compatible with the great exercise he was about to go through, upon one occasion eating lobster and pickled pork, with walnuts, and for his tea hot buttered muffins and crumpets, with six cups of tea. At the end of the first week he was suffering from severe vertical headache, and his ears were thick and congested, like erysipelas. Cold lotion was applied, and he was advised to decrease his walking pace somewhat, the average period of time per quarter-mile having been 3 min 20 sec. At this period of his walk it became a question whether or not he should be allowed to continue. However, he was sponged after each quarter mile with sea-salt and water, and in about four hours the symptoms diminished. The diet was regulated to consist of mutton chop, chicken, soles, eggs, a few oysters, and, for the farinaceous diet, rice, tapioca, and semolina pudding. He was allowed to drink tea only—no beer, wines, or spirits. At the end of the second week he was pronounced in excellent health, and slept comfortably during the intervals between the walks. Towards the end of the third week the bowels were constipated, and an attack of colic over the region of the transverse colon resulted. The colic was relieved by a dose of castor oil in a few hours, and the motions were found to be impacted masses of a dark olive-green colour. About this time the pulse became feeble, and the skin cold, and Gale himself complained of an unusual weakness. Two tablespoonfuls of brandy in hot water were given; he rallied quickly, and was enabled to continue his walk with unabated vigour. On the last day but one (Friday) he stated that he felt so strong that he could rise from his chair and walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours without stopping. On the Saturday the pulse was again somewhat weak, and again two tablespoonfuls of brandy were given, making only four tablespoonfuls of brandy throughout the walk. On Saturday evening at 10.50, the last quarter-mile was accomplished in 2 min 4 sec, after which the pulse was 120, one minute later 112, and in three minutes 100, otherwise in good character. He had no symptoms of exhaustion or distress. During the walks the pulse averaged 76, occasionally dropping to 70 per minute. It usually rose after each walk about 3 beats per minute, but dropped immediately on ceasing to walk. Respiration was placid throughout, and for about three weeks he slept only in the intervals between the walks, falling asleep at once in sitting posture, with the knees raised and slightly flexed, and awoke instantly on being touched. His amount of sleep was valued at three to four hours in the twenty-four. During the last week he did not sleep during the intervals,

according to his own statement, but there is some doubt upon this point. He often stated to Mr. Gant that he was unconscious of where he was for some hours during the night (from about twelve to six or seven o'clock), imagining that he was in the country, or in a farmyard, or other places. He could only recognise the dark line of the track before him. From this line, however, he sometimes diverged, and only returned to it on being called in a loud voice. On Sunday night he slept sitting up for one hour, strolled out for a quarter, and again slept for an hour in a sitting posture. His pulse was then 85."

Ere concluding my notice of this unparalleled performance, it is only right to state, that the untiring efforts of Mr. Gant, Mr. R. Lewis and the pedestrian's attendants and their satellites, J. White (the Gateshead Clipper), G. Kirsch, Bishop and Keefe, went a long way to bring about a satisfactory result. Sir John Astley on the part of himself and several friends, presented Gale with a handsomely silver-mounted belt, but I regret to hear that it as well as the wearer, is being made a music hall show off.

Billiards are rather quiet at present, but I may state, that the annual handicap promoted by the obliging proprietor of the Pier Hotel, Chelsea, is causing much excitement amongst local amateurs, some first class play being shown. It would be premature yet, to notice the results, which I shall give in full at the conclusion.

Rowing remarks this week are confined to the match between Nicholson and Blackman last Monday, for £200. Never in the history of aquatic lore has such a mistake been made as when Blackman was matched to concede ten seconds start, at the commencement, to so good a man as Nicholson. All can be wise after an event is over, but I doubt if we ever had a sculler, not even barring Renforth, who could have done it; suffice it to state that although the Dulwich man struggled as gamely as ever, he was never in it, and was beaten by about six lengths. Previously to the race, Mr. C. Bush and his old opponent in opinion, Mr. James Percy, agreed that should Nicholson beat Blackman, and Higgins defeat Boyd, the victors should be matched for £200 a side and the championship; I fancy the affair will come off.

Keen and Stanton's match (?) at the Agricultural Hall resulted as they all do, or nearly so, viz., in an easy victory for the champion. A local publican gave the prize, and the "gate" was a good one; Verb. sap.

Football does what "Practice" did to the schoolboy after he had mastered the earlier rules of arithmetic. London and Sheffield met on Saturday, when the cutlery town were beaten by six goals Wylie, (2) Heron, Wollaston, Sparks and Wall. Heaps and heaps of copy now lie in front of me, and were I to insert all the matches played, I should require the whole paper; however, here goes for a slight summary—Institute beat King's College; Mosquitos beat St. Stephen's, Westminster; Brixton, Charing-cross Hospital; Olympic, Unity; Clapham Rovers beat Haileybury College; Clapton, Eaton Rovers; Mars, St. Thomas; Reading, Henley; Oxford University, Royal Military Academy; Purfleet Eagles, Mohawks; Richmond, Arabs; University College Hospital, Hampstead; Clapham Rovers, Westminster School; Hawks, Ramblers; Clarence Rovers, Clapham Rovers, &c., &c., &c.

Grim death has taken away two well-known men, the one T. Coughlin, George Drewitt's assistant trainer, and the other, George Mumford, who was at Lord's in 68 and 69. The former died of inflammation of the lungs, whilst the curse of our country, consumption, carried off the other. Both men were respected by all who knew them, and amongst these was

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

MANCHESTER NOVEMBER MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The MAIDEN PLATE of 100 sovs, by 5 sovs each. Five furlongs; was won by Major Stapylton's Sundial, by Sundeeah—Princess, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (J. Macdonald), beating (by a length) Chesterfield, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb; Miss Bateman, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb; and three others. 3 to 1 agst Chesterfield, 3 to 1 agst Gaff, and 100 to 30 agst Sundial. Bad third.

The ROUS SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs; selling allowances. Five furlongs; was won by Mr. T. Ansley's Young Symdymon, by Symdymon—Maid of Malvern, aged, 8st 12lb (Constable), beating (by a length) Stephanie, 2 yrs, 7st 2lb; Miss Annie II., 2 yrs, 7st 2lb; and ten others. 5 to 1 agst Bogie, 6 to 1 agst Alsace, 7 to 1 agst the Hawthorn's dam colt, 8 to 1 agst Clara, and 10 to 1 each agst Young Symdymon, Abel Miss, and Bayard. A neck between second and third. Sold to Mr. Howett for 100 guineas.

The FLYING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; winners extra. Professionals extra.

Mr. Cooper's Mayfair by Marquis—May Queen, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (inc 4lb ex) J. Macdonald 1
Mr. T. Hughes's Rowston, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (inc 4lb ex) Snowden 2
Mr. W. H. Shaw's Telescope, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb (inc 4lb ex) Cunningham 3

Also ran: Lady Ronald, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb (inc 4lb ex); Medora, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 4lb ex); Skotzka, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb (inc 9lb ex) (car 8st 12lb); Lady Bird, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb (inc 4lb ex); Anchorite, 6 yrs, 8st 1lb (inc 4lb ex); Cannon Ball, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (inc 4lb ex); Gaff, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (inc 4lb ex); Helois, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 4lb ex); Lady Grace, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (inc 5lb ex); Polenta, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (inc 4lb ex); Indian Warrior, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb. 3 to 1 agst Lady Ronald, 5 to 1 agst Mayfair, 6 to 1 agst Rowston, 10 to 1 agst Cannon Ball, and 100 to 8 each agst Telescope, Medora, and Skotzka. Won in a canter, three lengths between second and third.

The LANCASTER NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, for 2-yr-olds; winners extra. Straight; was won by Captain Archdale's La Fiancee, by Donnybrook—Ambiguity, 7st 1lb (Chesterman), beating (by a length) Gilda, 7st 4lb; Creature, 7st 2lb; and ten others. Porchanco was weighed for by Barker, and her number hoisted, but subsequently taken down, as the filly had been struck out during the morning. 100 to 30 agst Wandering Willie, 5 to 1 each agst Creature and Corona, 7 to 1 agst Canute, 8 to 1 agst La Fiancee, 12 to 1 agst Mistress of the Robes, and 100 to 8 each agst Gilda and Dare Devil. A length and a half between second and third.

The TRIAL STAKES of 7 sovs, with 100 added. Five furlongs; was won by Mr. J. Bambridge's Elsham Lad, by Broomielaw—Elsham Lass, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb (£100) (Constable), beating (by four lengths) My Nannie O, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (£50); Ello a, 2 yrs, 8st 13lb (£50); and two others. 6 to 4 on Macadam, 3 to 1 agst Elsham Lad, and 10 to 1 agst Joachim. Bad third. Sold for 220 guineas to Mr. W. Oakes, who also claimed Macadam for Mr. Green.

The HEATON PARK CUP of 150 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; winners extra. One mile; was won by Lord Zetland's Spiegelschiff, by Speculum—Flotilla, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb (car 6st 9lb) (Tomlinson), beating (by a head) Sunray, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb; Rowston, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb; and seven others. 7 to 4 agst Mount Grace, 4 to 1 agst Sunray, 7 to 1 each agst Ironstone, and Spiegelschiff, 8 to 1 agst Rowston, 10 to 1 agst Lyceum, and 100 to 8 agst Bo. fire. Two lengths between second and third.

WEDNESDAY.

The OLDHAM HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. J. Johnson's br c Boswell by Saunterer—Miss Johnson, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb Daniels 1
Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 12st 7lb Barlow 2
Mr. R. Howett's Lady Clifton, 3 yrs, 12st 10lb Skelton 3
2 to 1 on Lady Clifton, 3 to 1 agst Boswell, and 6 to 1 agst Evening News. Won by 20 lengths.

The STOCKPORT SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. One mile and a half, over six hurdles, was won by Mr. F. Bland's Abel Miss by D'Estournel, dam by Augur—Miss Conyngham, 3 yrs, 10st Owner 1
Mr. Horncastle's Golden Linnet, 10lb Heslop 2
Mr. Howsin's Grand Ducess, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb Fletcher 3
Mr. Sadler's Winifred, 3 yrs, 10st Elliott 4
5 to 4 agst Golden Linnet, 2 to 1 agst Grand Ducess, and 5 to 1 agst Abel Miss. Won by two lengths; three between second and third.

The IRWELL TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; half a mile, was won by Mr. Howsin's ch f Cuckoo by Wild Moor—Algerie, 7st (£50), (J. Edwards), beating by a length, Corona, 7st 5lb (£50), Scottie, 6st 12lb (£50), and seven others. 5 to 2 agst Corona, 5 to 1 each agst Grace II. and Dare Devil, 7 to 1 agst Cuckoo, and 10 to 1 agst Perchance. Two lengths between second and third. Bought in for 55g.

The TRAFFORD PARK WELTER SELLING HANDICAP of 100 sovs; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs, was won by Mr. W. Oakes's bl f My Nannie O by the Palmer—Jenny Jones, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (Morgan), beating (by a head) Queensland, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (Uncorn, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb, and seven others. 5 to 2 agst Queensland, and 100 to 30 agst Macadam, 100 to 15 agst My Nannie O, and 7 to 1 each agst Grand Duchess and Unicorn. Half a length between second and third. Bought in for 65g.

The DE TRAFFORD HANDICAP of 10 sovs, with 150 sovs added; second saved stake. One mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's bl f Sunray by King of the Forest—Sunshine, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb Lemaire 1
Mr. T. Chaloner's Chesterfield, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 12lb) (inc 5lb ex) Jones 2

Mr. Vyner's Ironstone, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb Jarvis 3
Also ran: Fontarabian, aged, 7st 7lb; Hardrada, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb. 6 to 4 agst Sunray, 7 to 4 agst Hardrada, 6 to 1 agst Fontarabian, 10 to 1 agst Ironstone, and 100 to 8 agst Chesterfield. Won by four lengths; same between second and third. Fontarabian was fourth, and Hardrada last. The STAMFORD NURSERY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 sovs added. Five furlongs.

Mr. Peyton's br c Zanon by Koscicucian—Bathilde, 7st 5lb Morgan 1
Mr. C. B. Ethell's Camera, 6st 11lb Lemaire 2
Captain Archdale's La Fiancee, 7st 8lb (inc 10lb ex) Chesterman 3
Also ran: Musical Times, 8st 2lb; Ploisam, 7st 11lb (car 7st 12lb); Nightmare, 6st 12lb; Knighthood, 6st 8lb (car 6st 11lb). 11 to 10 on Knighthood, 5 to 1 agst La Fiancee, 8 to 1 each agst Ploisam and Zanon, and 100 to 12 agst Musical Times. Bad third.

The ROCHDALE PLATE of 100 sovs. Six furlongs.
Mr. Robinson's bl f Highland Mary by Mandrake—Auchnafree, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb Huxtable w.o

WARWICKSHIRE AND LEAMINGTON HUNT MEETING.

TUESDAY.

HANDICAP of 100 sovs, by subscription of 5 sovs each; winner to be sold for £100. Five furlongs.

Mr. C. Hibbert's Victoire, Victorious—Chilham, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb...F. Jeffery 1
Mr. Hugh Owen's Zazel, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb...F. Archer 2
Mr. T. Cannon's Tantrum, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb...Watts 3
5 to 4 on Victoire, 9 to 4 agst Zazel, and 100 to 30 agst Tantrum. Won by a length and a half; three lengths between second and third. Bought in for 185 guineas.

The NURSERY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for 2-yr-olds; second saved stake. Five furlongs.

Mr. F. Grettton's Alameda, by Pero Gomez—Nightjar, 6st 13lb...Watts 1
Mr. R. C. Naylor's La Fiancee, 6st 6lb...W. Johnson 2
Mr. C. M. Howard's Caledonia, 8st 4lb...Glover 3
Also ran: Bishop Burton, 8st 8lb; Boniface, 8st 2lb; Financier, 7st 6lb; Albania, 7st 2lb; Flavius Titus, 7st; Patricius, 7st; Wolferton, 6st 10lb. 5 to 2 agst Alameda, 7 to 2 agst Bishop Burton, 6 to 1 agst Patricius, and 7 to 1 agst La Fiancee. Won easily by a neck; a bad third. Financier slipped up and threw his jockey soon after the start.

The RACING STAKES of 100 sovs, by subscription of 5 sovs each, for 2-yr-olds; winner to be sold for £50. Five furlongs; was won by Colonel Forester's Vic, by Victorious—Imogene, 8st 9lb (F. Archer), beating (by a neck) Cupid, 8st 12lb; My Fanny, 8st 6lb; and five others. 5 to 4 on La Gitana, 5 to 1 agst Vic, and 7 to 1 "bar two" offered. Three-parts of a length between second and third. Sold to Mr. Payne for 100 guineas, Mr. W. G. Stevens claimed La Gitana.

The DONNINGTON HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 150 added. One mile.

Mr. C. Bush's Miss Costa by Costa—Lady Bountiful, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb Hopkins 1

Mr. W. S. Crawford's The Reeve, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb Wainwright 2
2 to 1 on The Reeve who was beaten by half a length.

HUNTERS' SELLING RACE of 3 sovs each, with 30 added, gentlemen riders. Two miles, on the flat.

Mr. Hugh's Pisa by Parmesan—Timbrel, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb...Owner 1
Mr. Teather's Thinskin, aged, 12st 7lb (£50)...Mr. R. Shaw 2
Mr. R. Herbert's Aide-de Camp, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb (£100)...Owner 3
Mr. George Bowen's Latitat, aged, 11st 7lb (£50)...Owner 4
5 to 40 on Thinskin, and 2 to 1 agst Pisa, who won easily by ten lengths. Bought in for 110 guineas.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 100 sovs, by 5 sovs each, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs, was won by Mr. F. Grettton's Samaria by Martyrdom—Raffle, 7st 10lb (£50) (G. Cooke), beating (by half a length) Brown Saxon, 7st 6lb (£50); Caress, 7st 13lb (£50), and four others. 6 to 4 agst Samaria, 5 to 2 agst Blue Peter, and 9 to 2 agst Caress. Four lengths between second and third. Bought in for 260 guineas. Mr. Gilpin claimed Brown Saxon.

SELLING WELTER PLATE of 100 sovs, by 5 sovs each. Three-quarters of a mile, was won by Mr. C. Hibbert's Victoire by Victorious—Chilham, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (£50) (F. Jeffery), beating (by a head) Rossini, 3 yrs, 8st 4 lb (£50); Robin, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb (£50) and another. 2 to 1 each agst Victoire and Redoubt, 5 to 2 agst Rossini, and 3 to 1 agst Robin. Two lengths between second and third. Bought in for 160 guineas.

WEDNESDAY.

The SECOND NURSERY HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 7 ft, with 100 added; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. C. Bush's ch c Bancks (late Little Shaver) by Ace of Spades (h-b)—Lady Lavender, 8st...Giles 1
Lord Bateman's Midsummer, 7st 11lb (inc. 7lb ex)...Hopkins 2
Mr. H. Chaplin's ch f by Knowsley—Bab-at-the-bowster, 6st 5lb H. Jeffery 3

Also ran, Eremite, 8st 2lb (car. 8st 4lb), Sirocco, 7st 11lb (car. 7st 12lb), 5 to 2 each agst Bancks and Eremite, 4 to 1 agst Bab-at-the-bowster filly, 5 to 1 agst Midsummer, and 6 to 1 agst Sirocco. Won by two lengths; bad third.

The GUY WELTER HANDICAP of 18 sovs each, with 150 added; one mile.

Mr. W. Burton's Victorious by Scottish Chief—Lady Jane, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb Hopkins 1

Mr. T. Cannon's Speculation, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (inc. 7lb ex)...Watts 2
Mr. H. Chaplin's Strike, 4 years, 8st 11lb (inc. 7lb ex)...H. Jeffery 3
Also ran, Laurier, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb; Chieftain, 6 yrs, 8st; Chopin, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb; Peterboro', 3 yrs, 7st 3lb; Primesaultier, 3 yrs, 7st. 3 to 1 agst Victorious, 100 to 30 each against Speculation and Strike, 6 to 1 agst Primesaultier, 8 to 1 agst Peterboro', and 100 to 8 agst Chopin. Won two lengths; a bad third.

The ENVILLE STAKES of 100 sovs, five furlongs, was won by Mr. W. G. Stevens's ch f Cupid by Mars—Hestwood, 2 yrs, 8st, (£50) (Loates), beating (by a head) Thoas, 2 yrs, 8st (£50), Ayrshire Lass, 2 yrs, 7st 13lb (50), and four others.

100 to 30 agst Zazel, 6 to 1 each agst Cupid, Thoas, and Ayrshire Lass, 7 to 1 agst Archam, and 3 to 1 was taken about Recruit, but all bets are off. Two lengths between second and third. Zazel was beaten by two lengths for second place, but as F. Archer did not return to weigh in the judge did not place a third. Kossiter weighed for Recruit, but on its being discovered he was claiming 5lb allowance to which he was not entitled, Kossiter returned to weigh again, and the race was over before he had time to get out of the paddock. The winner was sold to Mr. H. Baxter for 100s.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 50 sovs; winner to be sold for 100 sovs. One mile and a half, over six flights.

Mr. E. Weaver's ch f Zillah by Empire—Gipsy, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb...J. Keyte 1
Mr. T. Stevens's Home Made, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb...Davis 2
Mr. H. Hobson's Florry York, 3 yrs, 11st 11lb...Levett 3
Also ran: Anchorite, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb, Fort Winks, 3 yrs, 11st 13lb, Troubadour, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb, King Sweep, 3 yrs, 11st 6lb, Letcombe, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb. 7 to 4 agst King Sweep, 3 to 1 agst Fort Winks, 7 to 1 each agst Zillah, Anchorite, and Home Made, and 10 to 1 agst Letcombe. Won by six lengths; bad third. Not sold.

A MAIDEN HURDLE RACE PLATE of 50 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles, was won by Sir G. Chetwynd's Annette by The Speaker—Lady Di, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb (£100), (J. Adams), beating (by six lengths) Huntly, 5 yrs, 12st (£100), and another. 11 to 8 (at first 7 to 4) on Annette, 2 to 1 agst Lady Pitt, and 8 to 1 agst Huntly. Bad third. Bought in for 165g.

The WARWICK HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. About two miles.

Mr. Jessop's br c Boyn by Walter by Solon—Lyra, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb...R. March 1
Mr. E. Sydney's Mayflower, aged, 12st 7lb...J. Billing 2
Mr. R. Anderson's Saracen, aged, 11st...Davis 3
Also ran Sweet Meadow, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb; Polisson, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb; Abdallah, aged, 10st 11lb.

6 to 4 on Boyne Walter, 11 to 4 agst Abdallah, and 100 to 8 each agst Sweet Meadow, Saracen, and Mayflower. Won by 20 lengths; a bad third.

A WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs; winners extra. Three quarters of a mile. Won by Lord Bradford's br c Euxine by Lacydes—Black Lily, 4 yrs, 8st (car. 8st 4lb) (F. Archer) beating (by half a length); Monte Carlo, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb; Drumhead, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb, and five others. 5 to 2 agst Suleiman, 4 to 1 agst Euxine, 5 to 1 agst Drumhead, 8 to 1 Monte Carlo, and 10 to 1 each agst Moonstone, Hestia, and Hopbine. Three lengths between second and third.

The UNION HUNT CUP of 3 sovs each, with 50 sovs added; weight for age; winners extra; winner to be sold for 500 sovs. Two miles, on the flat.

Mr. G. Clement's br g Bristol by Cathedral—Barnston's dam, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb...Mr. J. M. Rudd 1
Mr. Richardson's William Tell, 4 yrs, 11st...Mr. T. Price 2
Mr. W. D. Manning's Stratagem, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb...Mr. T. Shaw 3
Also ran: Lady Ethel, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb; Belgrave, 4 yrs, 11st; The Twin, 6 yrs, 13st 5lb; Vienna, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb. 5 to 4 on Bristol, 4 to 1 agst William Tell, 6 to 1 agst Belgrave, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by a length and a half. Bad third.



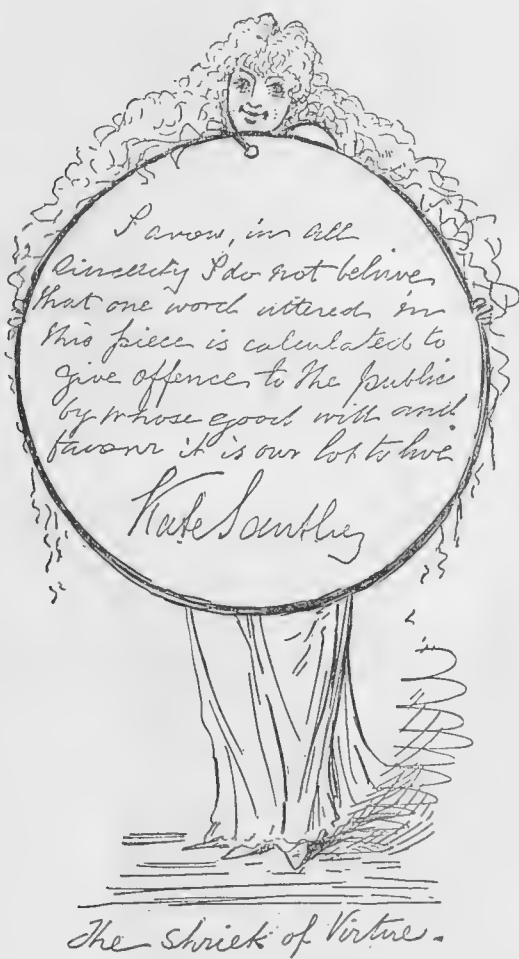
THE LAPLANDERS AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I am not fully acquainted with the history of the Royalty Theatre. It is possible that it may at one time have held a position of artistic dignity. It is possible its name may be identified with the fame of eminent authors and actors. Of late years it is certain, that its reputation has depended mainly upon the accidental success of a burlesque called *Black Eyed Susan*. This burlesque has not satisfactorily stood the test of revival. What ordinary burlesque ever does stand this test? But I should like to know the prestige that has influenced theatrical speculators so repeatedly to risk their money, in the endeavour to make the Royalty a popular house. Not many years ago, this theatre held the position that is now occupied by the King's Cross Theatre. It was the acknowledged home of aspiring amateurs. One or two of the aspirants who there first tried their mettle, have since won for themselves good positions in the theatrical profession. Perhaps this fact is enough to account for the lingering affection with which some playgoers regard the little house in Dean Street.

But howsoever these things may be, it is a matter of fact that Miss Kate Santley, having that faith which is supposed (if called upon) to remove mountains; has opened the Royalty with a fairly attractive opéra-bouffe. When I use the word attractive, I wish to use it in a popular sense. An opéra-bouffe, which pleases me, may dreadfully offend you. But a piece which pleases neither of us, may so attract the public, that it will bring fortune to all concerned in its production.

La Marjolaine in its English dress, is not likely, however, to excite the enthusiasm of the public. Nevertheless at an early stage of its career, the adaptor and his newspaper critics were at loggerheads. The adaptor did not have the best of the argu-



ment, although I am quite sure his morality is as sound as that of *Marjolaine's* traducers.

The "Royalty" has undoubtedly been re-decorated. The moment I sat down in my stall, I was hit in the face by a carefully (but badly) painted act-drop, copied from Frost's picture of "Nymphs disarming Cupid." Poor Frost was a good painter in his day, and like Etty, although he painted scarcely anything except naked nymphs, he was also an exceptionally moral man. I don't think, however, that he would have been satisfied with the class of "model" introduced by modern opéra-bouffe.

To be fair with the subject I have in hand. *La Marjolaine* is a good opéra-bouffe, inasmuch as the music contained in it is exhilarating, and the libretto is extremely funny. When the piece was first produced in Paris, the English critics made up their minds that it was quite unfit for "home consumption." Therefore, when it was produced in the most painfully modified fashion at the Royalty, it could not well escape the censures of the chaste.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards has done his version carefully and judiciously. The only important mistake he has made in regard to *La Marjolaine*, is that he should have been so ill advised as to indulge in a newspaper correspondence. The "Old Lady of Wellington-street," always has the best of it in these encounters. In respect of the real plot of *La Marjolaine*, it must be admitted upon moral grounds, that it is not a whit worse than the plots of *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Perichole*, and several other well-known works of the class, that have passed muster almost unchallenged. The inconsistency of that well-seasoned, well preserved vestal, the goddess of British Virtue, is a great deal too proverbial to require especial endorsement from me.



Mr. Mervin as a lively Bachelor

Therefore, I will occupy myself with a few brief notes upon the general aspect of the Royalty and its company.

The auditorium has certainly been improved. Albeit there is an irritating effort to cram a greater number of individual seats into any given row of the dress circle or stalls, than is warranted even by the practicable area. And there are also sundry little annoyances in connection with the front of the house, which are only to be avoided by the total abolition of "fees."

I am not going to say one word more about the plot, or the incidents of *La Marjolaine*, because everything that could be said against it, has been said. It is not a peculiarly moral piece.

As for the acting. Well, I can speak more particularly about that.

Miss Kate Santley plays *La Marjolaine*. Miss Santley is a well meaning actress, according to her foot-lights. But her footlights are those of the music-hall. She works hard to express the suggestive ideas that are given to her. And she does express them. But how? By making mouths, by making eyes, by generally overlaying the sentiment of the author with a coarse and cheap varnish. And really *La Marjolaine* is too good an opera to be reduced to the pantomime level.



"George and Lab."

Miss Rose Cullen plays the part of Aveline. Miss Rose Cullen is possessed of considerable beauty. Sometimes I have been inclined to imagine that she might be a good actress one of these days if she were to try. But she makes no advance in her art.

Mr. F. Mervin as Annibal de L'Estraparde, the captain of the "Lively Bachelors," is accountable for a great deal of the vivacity of the piece.

Mr. Walter Fisher in the tenor part of Frickel, sings as well as he can, and acts very fairly. Mr. Beyer as Peterschop, makes the most of a monotonous, but noticeable voice.

The charming "extra" creatures who are inseparable from a performance of this kind, leer at the boxes and peer affably down into the stalls as they were wont to do. It would seem invidious if I were to particularise any one of their names; because they are all so completely on the same artistic level.

There is one comedian at the Royalty whose name compels one to consider him—Lionel Brough. This actor, who possesses a natural and keen sense of humour, has for the past five years been occupied chiefly in the most ordinary buffooneries. Doubtless there is a popular demand for the class of work he has been lately supplying. But it seems to me that by degrees Mr. Brough has encouraged that demand by allowing himself to slide easily into paths of commonplace comicality, in which he is only saved by the individuality of his method. His "business" with the plucked fowl in *La Marjolaine*, is really no better than the vagaries of the clown in a pantomime.

It is pleasant on entering the theatre to find worthy Mrs. Liston sitting as a sort of hostess in the anteroom. What an improvement it would be if the lady element became more



The Hostess of the Royalty

general in front of houses, with chosen servants to see after the visitors' comfort. It is an unpleasant sensation to sit in a theatre with the full conviction that a menial is studying you with a "poor devil" sort of expression for you on his face, because instead of a shilling you gave him sixpence, or instead of half-a-crown you gave him a shilling, or because you were fool enough to give him half-a-crown.

AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

OPPORTUNE, truly. Solitude and quiet in a secluded garden-nook, where the soft odour-wafting zephyrs whisper wooingly, and the sunlight is subdued and softened into tenderness, in passing through playfully-tangled, gently-agitated leaves, where the birds' songs are far too sweet to be anything but love songs, and—but the story is very very old, and you may read it all at a glance in our artist's picture.

THE "Last of the Latouches," a powerfully written story full of dramatic incidents and positions, which appeared in the "Family Herald" a few months back, from the pen of Mrs. R. Ellis, is in process of being constructed into a Drama by Mr. C. R. Rensull, who so ably dramatised some of the works of Charles Dickens for the Brighton Theatre.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—A series of English operas, under the direction of Isidore de Solo, will be given here next week, commencing with *The Trovatore* on Monday afternoon. *The Bohemian Girl* will be performed on Wednesday afternoon, and *Faust* on Saturday afternoon.

NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Mdlle. de Bono (violinist)—Scenes from *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique, by D. H. Friston—Humours of the Past Month, by Matt Stretch—Meet of the "Pythchley" at Crick, by J. Sturgess—The London Athletic Club at St. James's Hall, by F. Dadd—Sketches by the Captious Critic—The Theatrical House that Jack Built, a series of sketches. No. 1, The Porter—Autumn Races at Gibraltar, from sketches by a correspondent—H. Petherick—"Nell," the Hon. J. H. Loftus's Irish Red Setter—A Famous Sporting Hostelry at Newmarket—The Serenade; &c., &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FASHIONABLE TRAGEDIAN.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—I take the liberty of calling your attention to a paragraph in the *Theatre* of last Wednesday, which I should have attempted to correct in the columns of that journal had it been likely that I should receive anything approaching to justice in its columns. The statement to which I refer is in reference to the authorship of "The Fashionable Tragedian," a criticism of Mr. Irving, which you very kindly notice in this week's *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*. The *Theatre* has seldom been so successful in manufacturing a story without the slightest foundation in fact. "The reputed author of 'The Fashionable Tragedian' might be regarded by Lord Beaconsfield as a proof that the famous sneer in *Lothair* at 'the critics' was not altogether without foundation. Not long ago he painted a picture and sent it to the Royal Scottish Academy. The authorities there rejected it, whereupon he wrote a pamphlet against the artists who had been more fortunate. Recently he assailed Mr. Irving in the pamphlet entitled 'The Fashionable Tragedian,' which, like its predecessor, was illustrated with caricatures by a boy named Hackett. In the interim, perhaps, the versatile pamphleteer had gone on the stage."—*Theatre*, November 14, 1877. Firstly, the author of the "Fashionable Tragedian" never painted a picture in his life; secondly, he never wrote a pamphlet assailing the Royal Scottish Academy; thirdly, no such pamphlet was ever published in Edinburgh. The only grounds upon which the above statement might be founded are, that although I never sent a picture to the Royal Scottish Academy, I did publish a few pages of caricatures and verses on some of the chief pictures in last year's exhibition, and that I certainly drew the illustrations in the "Fashionable Tragedian." From these facts you will notice that the *Theatre* has succeeded in concocting a feeble tale, with the intention of damaging the criticism on Mr. Irving, which it seems to feel so much. Those who know from whence the paper derives its inspiration, will scarcely wonder at its bitterness, and my only resource, therefore, is to ask you very kindly either to publish this letter in the *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*, or to contradict the *Theatre's* glaring mis-statements. Apologising for troubling you.—I am, &c., GEO. R. HALKETT.

35, East Claremont street, Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1877.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

SIR,—Having had occasion to "rush into print" two or three times lately, I am afraid people will begin to think that I insert paragraphs in newspapers myself for the purpose of writing letters to editors and so obtaining advertisements gratis. But this is not the case, and as you do not give the name of the "contemporary" who declares that I "intend to withdraw from the stage at the end of the present year," I must ask you to be kind enough to allow me to contradict the declaration through the paper in which I first saw it published. Ten years ago I had to contradict a similar report, and I hope ten years hence I may have to do it again. I can assure you I find there is no such hard work as idleness, and my favourite relaxation is acting, my rest locomotion. That this may be my last season is quite possible, but that I intend it to be so is not the fact. My retirement, when it does take place, will be a necessity not a choice, and I shall take with an ill grace to my arm-chair. In the first place, I am not of a retiring disposition, and next, I am too fond of my profession to relinquish it voluntarily. I have no wish to "lag superfluously on the stage," but as long as I continue to be favoured with full houses, joyous audiences, and good health, I quite agree with you, that I "couldn't withdraw if I tried"—I am, &c., C. J. MATHEWS.

Theatre Royal, Manchester, Nov. 17, 1877.

MISS JULIA STEWART.

YOUNGEST daughter of the (alas!) late "Auld Davie Stewart," the well-known and equally well-loved Scotch comedian, was born in London on the 20th of June, 1862, and first put foot upon the stage at the early age of five years, in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, under the management of Messrs. Glover and Francis. The event occurred during the engagement of Madame Grisi, who was playing Norma, Miss Julia Stewart enacting one of the children in the opera of that name. The following year Miss Stewart played her first speaking part—Sybil, in Tom Taylor's *Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*—and so satisfactorily that her managers retained her services to play children and boys until their assumption of the managerial reigns at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne. There a larger field was opened to Miss Stewart for the exercise of those powers as an actress which at so easily an age she had made manifest; and gradually, under careful tuition, she attained a standard of excellence which very favourably impressed both the public and those inside the theatre, where she had already become a favourite. A few months ago Miss Stewart left Messrs. Glover and Francis to join Miss Sarah Thorne at Worcester, by whom she was specially chosen to support Mr. Charles Mathews on his recent tour, an engagement subsequently prolonged by Mr. Richard Edgar. It was during this engagement, and while playing at Preston, that Miss Stewart was suddenly sent for to play the part of Maggie Macfarlane in Mr. Gilbert's new comedy, *Engaged*, now running with such success at the Haymarket. Here a word is due in thanks to Miss Emily Thorne, who was instrumental in first bringing this bright young actress before a London audience. Miss Thorne having carefully watched the career of the young girl, and fully appreciating her talent, waited for the opportunity of introducing her to the London stage—an opportunity which, when it was offered by Mr. J. S. Clarke, at the Haymarket, she eagerly seized—and with what happy results the public and press have already unanimously acknowledged. There is at present no finer or more artistic performance in London than that of Miss Julia Stewart as Maggie Macfarlane in *Engaged*. Add to a charming personal appearance, Miss Stewart is blessed with a sweet, musical voice, and a manner that wins favour for

her at first sight. This young lady has commenced her career in London brilliantly, and will, we feel sure, should she devote herself to her profession, achieve a marked and well-deserved success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—Mr. Henry Carter, stage director and the useful member, *par excellence*, of the Strand Theatre, will take a benefit at that house on Monday next. The present bill will be adhered to. We wish Mr. Carter a good house.—Mr. David McKay, the popular acting manager at the Vaudeville, will shortly take a benefit there when *Road to Ruin* will be revived.—The annual Amateur Concert of the Crescent Cricket Club took place on November 13th, at Tachbrook Street, S.W.; and the programme, although somewhat lengthy, was well carried out. The performers were Misses Abbott, Grey, Pink, Irvine, Hollyer, Evance, Foster, and Messrs. S. Grey, Leslie, Cantle, Green and H. Bellingham. Miss Abbott received first encore in her song "Thy Face," a charming song and always appreciated; the second encore, gained by Mr. Leslie, was well received by the very appreciative audience. The duet of "The Sailor Sighs," well deserved the amount of applause given, it being one of the most enjoyable songs of the evening. Miss Evance deserves notice for her very careful singing and large amount of confidence. The evening was brought to a close by Mr. H. Bellingham, who won rounds of applause with his "Nancy Lee"—and responding to a very hearty encore, gave "The Keeper" in excellent style, showing a fine baritone voice—far above the general ability of amateur Singers. The hall being well filled, it seems a pity not to have more of these entertainments.—The pantomime at the Gaiety will be founded on the threadbare theme, *Valentine and Orson*. It is to be commenced on Dec. 22. *La Cigale* is in preparation at this house, to which Mr. J. G. Taylor will return from Manchester.—Mr. Cave will again superintend the production of the pantomime at the Aquarium Theatre.—Miss Jenny Lee is on the eve of returning to town.—On the 1st of December Mr. Charles Hengler's Circus will reopen in London.—The music for the pantomime at the Crystal Palace has been entrusted to Mr. Wallerstein.—Mr. F. Marchant is writing the Britannia pantomime. Its title will be *Romina-grobis*; or, *the Tale of a Cut*.—To-day (Saturday) there will be a special morning performance of *Progress*, at the Criterion, to introduce a series of morning performances, which will include in successive order, the *Pink Dominos*, *Still Waters Run Deep*, the *Pink Dominos* again, and the *American Lady*.—Some of our contemporaries noticing the accident to one of the Sisters Elliott, at the South London Palace of Amusement, on the ground that proper precautions ought to be taken at such places, may be surprised to hear that there are not less than six hydrants behind the stage, two tubs of water—one on each side of the stage—and 24 fire-pails full of water, and two wet blankets, always ready for an emergency such as happened.—One of the clever sixpenny society papers, commenting on the marriage of Mdlle. Camille Dubois to the Honorable Wyndham Stanhope, remarks that "Mrs. Wyndham Stanhope will eventually be the Countess of Harrington, should the elder brother of her husband not have a son, and thus a second Countess of Harrington will have commenced life on the stage." In this paragraph, says another contemporary, there is a good deal of *suppression veri* and not a little *suggestio falsi*. Any one reading it would fancy there was only one life between Mr. Wyndham Stanhope and the title, whereas, as a matter of fact, it happens that he has three elder brothers, of whom the eldest is only thirty-two years of age.—Messrs. W. H. Swanborough and Frank Musgrave applied for a licence for stage plays at the premises recently known as the Royal-avenue Skating Rink in King's road, Chelsea. Here it was stated they proposed to form a Circus at a cost of £3,000, and the licence was required to protect them from charges which might be brought against them, even because a Clown was heard talking to some of the others who would be engaged. There was some opposition; but the Chairman said the Bench had decided to grant the licence, but to impound it until their requirements in reference to the building had been complied with.—At the Elephant and Castle Theatre the pantomime in preparation by Mr. J. W. Marchant, is called *Jack the Valiant*.—Miss Ellen Meyrick has joined the Olympic Company.—Mr. H. C. Sidney's long engagement at the Surrey Theatre is approaching its termination.—The first of a series of Saturday Evening Handel Concerts by the Alexandra Palace Choir of 1,000 voices takes place at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday next, when the programme will consist of selections from *Judas Macabaeus*. The solo vocalists are Miss Anne Sinclair, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lackner. Mr. Smythson is the conductor. Mr. Frederic Archer, who is the organist, will play the Concerto in F Major, No. 1 of set 2.

PROVINCIAL.—At the Theatre Royal, Bradford, Aladdin is to provide material for the Christmas pantomime.—Miss Nelly Bouverie is at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.—The remains of the late Mr. G. H. Browne and his deceased daughter are being conveyed to America for Boston in the s.s. *Abyssinia*, in charge of Mr. W. Browne, the son of the deceased gentleman.—Miss Jennie Lee has been enthusiastically received in Dublin.—The pantomime at Brighton will be *The Man in the Moon*.—At the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, the pantomime is to be *The Children in the Wood*, and the House that Jack Built, the libretto being again supplied by Mr. J. F. McArdle, assisted by Mr. Frank W. Green. These gentlemen are also the authors of pantomimes to be produced at Glasgow, Birmingham, and Brighton.—In Dublin *Richard III.* formed the last of Mr. Barry Sullivan's representations at the Royal, and was as legitimate for the close as *Hamlet* was for his opening night.—Mr. Irving is also playing *Hamlet* in Dublin.—At the Gaiety in Dublin Mr. and Mrs. Kendal met with an enthusiastic reception.

FOREIGN.—The lady Swedish vocalists, Lofqier, Erixon, Carlson, and Ekstrom, are making a second tour in America, successfully.—An American trade paper says:—"The *World* received the following telegram from Montreal, dated Oct. 29th: 'Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, who is playing here, has been robbed of 350 dollars worth of jewellery and silk dresses. Miss Lulu Jordan is a sufferer to the same extent. The articles were taken from the theatre.' [How Miss Kellogg can be robbed of money in a theatre in Montreal, while singing in California has to be explained to the world by the *World*.]"—The American papers have a curious law case. On the 25th of October last, Mary E. Hasslacher, an English operatic singer, whose maiden name is said to have been Gurney, brought an action for a separate maintenance against her alleged husband, Louis C. Hasslacher, who had deserted her and her children. In defence, the husband asserted that she had confessed to him that previous to going upon the operatic stage in England, she had been married to a clergyman in London, and that no marriage ceremony, religious or legal, had united them. But as it was shown in evidence that he had given her a wedding ring, introduced her to various persons as his wife, and allowed her to pass under his name, these facts, according to the law of the state of New York, were quite sufficient to render the marriage legal and binding. A verdict was, therefore, given for the plaintiff. Mrs. Hasslacher was in England in 1875 on a visit.—The St. Petersburg Italian Opera season commenced on the 7th ult., and that of Moscow on October 20, with Madame Mazziali, Campanini, and Rota, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.—During the Paris Exhibition the orchestra of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter will give a series of grand concerts.—The following is an example we should very much like to see followed wherever concerts, readings, and musical performances generally, are given:—"A box capable of containing ten persons is reserved by M. Halanzier, at every performance of the Grand Opera, Paris, for members of the National Institution of Young Blind persons. A similar favor is accorded the Institution by the Society of the Conservatory Concerts."—Mr. Sothern has received from Mr. Lester Wallack a letter in support of his claim as joint author with the late T. W. Robertson of *Home*. He says:—"The love scene in the second act was conceived and written by you. *This Tom Robertson told me himself*; and when you so kindly gave me the printed book of the comedy, your scene was inserted in MS., and a capital scene it is."—Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle nightly attracts crowded audiences at Booth's Theatre, New York, but all the dramatic critics are beginning to ask why such "a dirty, drunken, worthless reprobate" should hold the public interest so strongly. The New York critics might as well wonder at the high prices Morland's pictures of pigs commanded because pigs are dirty, uninteresting beasts. It was the painter, not the pig, who made the pictures valuable, and it is the actor, not the character, who fills the theatre.—Madame Janauschek, whose English is now greatly improved, is at the Broadway Theatre, where she is playing Brunhilde in the song of the *Nibelungen*.—The London Circus at Gilmore's Gardens, New York, continues attractive.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams are playing in *Struck Oil* at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.—*Marriage* has now been running for six weeks.—Miss Davenport commenced an engagement at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Monday, November 5.—Edwin Booth began a week's engagement at Macaulay's Theatre, on Monday, November 5, appearing in *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Brutus*; or, *the Fall of Tarquin*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Glenmore Gulch*. Murphy and Mack's new Irish drama commenced Monday, November 5.—Mr. Sothern has in hand a three act farcical comedy, entitled *The Founder of the Family*, in which he will play the father of Lord Dundreary and Brother Sam. Mr. Sothern says:—"Of course, I have taken the character from myself; and from the fact that I am an exceedingly nervous man and thoroughly imbued with the characteristics of the original Dundreary, I shall be able to make it one of the most ridiculous of absent-minded and eccentric characters on the stage."—A comedy, which won the prize offered by the managers of the Vienna Stadtheater, called *Durch die Intendanz*, has been produced and well received.—A new piece was also produced at the Carl Theater, written by Herr O. F. Berg, with music by Herr Brandt, called *Gevatter Neid*.—Madame Etelka Gerster, at the desire of the Emperor of Germany, has been engaged from the 15th of March till the 15th of April (immediately following the close of the St. Petersburg and Moscow seasons) to sing in six representations of opera at the Imperial Theatre, Berlin. She is to be allowed to sing the operas in Italian, although she is so conversant with the German language, and is to receive 4,000 marks for each representation, which is over £210. The operas selected by his Majesty are *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Flauto Magico*, and *Barbiere*.—At the Menus-Plaisirs, Paris, *Si j'étais Reine*, by M. Basnach, a fanciful vaudeville in two acts has been produced with small prospect of success.—At the Palais Royal a one act comedy, by M. Blum, called *L'Invité*, which has but four characters, has been well received.—Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie* has been brought out with marked favour at the Monnaie Theatre, in Brussels, in which Mdlle. Fouquet, a young artist from the Paris Opera, who sang with great taste and expression, made her first appearance.—Mdlle. Bianca Donadio, a Paris singer, has terminated her performances at Florence in the midst of great enthusiasm.—Ferrari's new comedy of *Due Dame* has obtained a marked success at the Manzoni Theatre at Milan.—Tomassi, a distinguished composer, has just died at Venice, at the age of 77.—Mr. Boucicault is once more "down" on the critics, affirming that neither the critics of Great Britain nor America know anything of their business, and, to substantiate his statement, he challenges any and every professed dramatic critic to answer the question, "What is a comedy?"—Edwin Adams is no more. He was born in 1834, near Boston, and began his career upon the stage in 1853, played nearly all the leading tragic and melodramatic parts, and was one of the most competent actors in America. He played for several seasons at Booth's, beginning with the opening of the theatre. It was at Booth's that he produced *Enoch Arden*. He visited Australia during the past year, and was there seized with the illness from which he never recovered.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

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UNDER THE GRAND NATIONAL HUNT RULES.

* * * The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, by Tuesday next, November 27th, 1877.

FIRST DAY.

The CROYDON HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 300 added, for qualified hunters; four years old, 1st; five, 1st 10lb; six and aged, 12st; any winner of a hunters' flat race value 50 sovs. to carry 5lb, twice of 50 sovs. or once of 200 sovs. 9lb, if of 300 sovs. in any number of hunters' flat races, 11lb extra (in all penalties selling races excepted); winners of other kinds of races value 100 sovs. (selling races excepted), if not penalised for having won a hunters' flat race, 4lb, if value 500 sovs. 7lb extra; maiden five years old allowed 5lb, six and aged 8lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs., and the third 25 sovs. out of the stakes; entrance 3 sovs. each, to the fund, the only liability if forfeit be declared by Tuesday, January 22nd, at noon; two miles, on the New Course.

SECOND DAY.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 500 added; any winner of a hurdle race value 100 sovs. after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb extra; entrance 3 sovs. each, the only liability if forfeit be declared by Tuesday, January 1st, 1878, about two miles and a quarter, over nine flights of hurdles.

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* * * The following race closes and names to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, and Mr. H. Mason, Newark-on-Trent, on Tuesday, November 27th, 1877.

The GOSNALL STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 200 sovs. added by the Race Committee, for two years old, colts, 8st 12lb, fillies, 8st 9lb; winners of a stake value 100 sovs., 3lb, of 200 sovs. 7lb, of 500 sovs. 10lb extra, selling races excepted; maidens allowed 5lb; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stake, and the third to save his stake; entrance 2 sovs. to the fund, the only liability if declared on or before Tuesday, June 18th, 1878; about five furlongs and a half.

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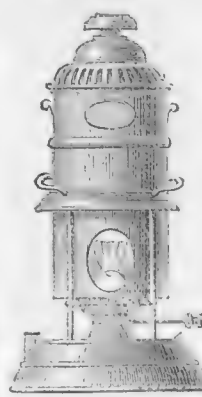
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the Lambton Stakes at Durham, and the Great
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AUCTIONS Continued on Page 231.

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The young man from the northern shore
Hastens the river to explore.



With dubious gaze she scans the tide,
Then paddles from the other side.



The morn is fair, the tide runs free :
She'll forth and find the summer sea !



Nor hoping bliss, nor fearing ill,
He lets the current have its will.



But what is this?—a foul!—a scream!—
Both oars are broken in mid stream !



"Help, help, O stranger! Help!" she cries.
In silence his one oar he plies.



Success hath crowned his skill at last :
Her boat, and she, he holdeth fast.



He, smiling, tells those eyes of blue,
"Enough for one's enough for two!"



Henceforth, in sad and sunny weather,
They'll paddle their canoes together.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of December 12th, 1877, will be the GRAND DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, and will be published under the title of "THE GOSSIPS' BOWL." It will be lavishly illustrated. With it will be GIVEN AWAY A Double-page Coloured Picture of novel attractiveness, from the original by J. T. Lucas, entitled, "Chips of the old Block."

George Holmes, painter of "Can't you Talk?" will be represented by a double-page drawing, similar in feeling and treatment to that famous picture. Miss Braddon will write the leading story, the title of which is, "Thou Art the Man!" Otherwise, the number will contain stories, poems, sketches, &c., by well-known authors.

Advertisers wishing to secure the insertion of their advertisements in this number, are requested to forward immediate instructions.

THE SCALE OF CHARGES IS AS FOLLOWS:

Page Ordinary	Gs.
Half-page Ordinary	30
Quarter-page Ordinary, or one Single Col.	16
Per inch, Single Col.	8
Per Line, " " " "	12s. 6d.
Per Line, " " " "	1s. 3d.

No more advertisements can be received for Special positions in this Christmas Number.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is to be had on the day of publication at M. K. NILSSON'S Library, 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

H. H.—We cannot at present supply the information. If you can, repeat the question in the course of the next fortnight.

C. H. L. (Coleford).—Write to May's, theatrical costumier, Bow-street W.C.

J. W. (Maidenhead).—We cannot say.

G. R. P. (Maidenhead).—1. The late Joseph Irving. 2. Cannot say.

J. F. D. C. (Merton).—Write, enclosing stamped envelope for reply, to Mr. Charles Morton, Manager of the Alhambra Theatre.

ARTHUR HODGE.—Mr. Thomas Arden was chief comptroller of His Majesty's Customs, at Faversham, in Kent. He was Mayor of that town in 1548.

The play founded upon his murder, in the reign of Edward VI., was at one time believed to be Shakspeare's, and is supposed to be one which was represented before Queen Elizabeth in 1578, under the title of *Murderous Michael*.—Michael being the name of a murderer who is one of the prominent characters in the piece. George Lillo wrote a drama on the same subject. Part of Arden's house used to be pointed out in Faversham a few years since.

L. V. G.—It is not true, but if it were so you might as justly tax an author with plagiarism, on the ground that every word in his writings could be found in that well-known volume—the English Dictionary. "Representative Actors" is from beginning to end—with the exception of a short introductory chapter—composed of extracts from popular books, and a glance through it and our series of occasional articles on "Players of the Past Century," would suffice to show that the remark quoted in your letter is entirely without foundation. Mr. W. C. Russell's work is a mere scrap-book—and the short and often very imperfect extracts it is composed of have been made and grouped in the most unsatisfactory manner, without proper reference to the dates belonging to them, or consideration of important explanatory circumstances with which many of them were connected. Our contributor has on his book-shelves not only the comparatively few volumes from which Mr. Russell compiled his "Representative Actors," but very many others far more rare, of which Mr. Russell was apparently ignorant. As a book of reference, "Representative Actors" is of the slightest possible use.

LA BELLE.—1. The Countess of Derby—Miss Farren—was buried in the family vault at Ormskirk, on April 30th, 1829, eight days after her death. She retired from the stage in 1797. We have already given a portrait of her in character and a biographical sketch. 2. Mr. Daniel Terry also died in 1829, in June; he was born at Bath in 1783, and obtained his first London engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, through the influence of his intimate friend Sir Walter Scott.

V. W.—1. The actor, "snuffed out by an article," was probably H. A. Conway, who was playing from 1814 to 1816 at Covent Garden Theatre. He was a natural son of Lord George Seymour, and left the stage in consequence of adverse criticism. 2. We do not know, unless it was Mrs. Jameson, who, in her "Visits and Sketches," speaking in the highest terms of Mrs. Siddons, said, "It is difficult for an admired actress not to be vain, and difficult for a very vain person to be quite unaffected on, or off, the stage; it is, however, certain that some of the truest, most natural persons I ever met with in my life were actresses."

FLEET-STREET.—Quite right. Charles Kemble was three years at Douay.

W. T.—1. The elder Colman was born at Florence, and his god-father was King George II. 2. Novosieski, the Roman scene painter, died in this country on the 8th of April, 1795.

MUSICAL.

K. R.—Mdlle. Marimon made her first appearance in England at Her Majesty's Opera in the rôle of Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, and is announced to make her reappearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday next in that character.

QUERY.—The Miss Rainforth, who died recently at Bristol, is the vocalist of that name, who for several years was the leading prima donna in English Opera. For many years after her retirement from the stage, she resided near Windsor, and as her removal to Bristol was not commonly known, her death in that town failed to attract the notice which it would otherwise have received from musicians.

J. S. R.—"Michael Kelly's Reminiscences" are out of print.

VINCENT F.—"Henry's Pianoforte Tutor," published by Metzler and Co., is the best book for self-instruction and for teaching purposes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. ROBINSON PECK.—With all reverence to Dr. Heineman—to whose abilities as a lecturer we paid a well-deserved tribute some time since—we feel some reluctance as to having any dealings whatever with his "Neighbour's Eyes and Nose."

W. CON.—The cylindrical printing machine dates from about 1814, and the first was made, we believe, by Mr. König, a Saxon, although Mr. Bensley announced a similar invention about the same time, which had upwards of forty-three wheels, and which was afterwards improved and simplified by Mr. Cowper.

S. B.—There are several curious anecdotes extant of persons bitten by dogs, who were attacked by hydrophobia, although the dogs were not apparently mad when they bit them, and did not go mad afterwards.

CHAPTAL.—The lady rode for a wager a thousand miles in a thousand hours, in the May of 1758. Dr. Johnson wrote a mildly satirical paper on the subject, which you will find in his "Idler," under date May 20, of that year.

REPUBLICAN.—A full and interesting account is given in the Memoirs of Lieut.-Gen. Count Mathieu Dumas, published in English by Bentley in 1839.

P. S. N.—In 1814 the Post-office employed regularly twenty-four steam vessels, and they performed in the year 2,293 voyages.

J. B.—The Castle Tavern, Holborn, was at one time the great stronghold of the professional pugilists.

M. G.—An excellent article on "The Green Flag of the Prophet" was published recently in "Chambers' Journal."

A. YOUNG-UN.—In our reply, the date of the magazine was, of course, 1843, not as it was misprinted, 1834.

O. R. V.—Thanks for the American cutting. We had already noted these absurd "scientific" Fenian threats, which remind us of the Winchester gentleman, who, to terrify trespassers from his grounds, put up the following: "Beggars beware! Scolopedriums and Polypodiums are set here."

R. L.—The problem was given, as follows:—A rectangular piece of wood or card, whose length does not exceed twice its breadth, may be cut by two straight cuts into three pieces, which can be put together to form a square. The explanation would require a diagram, for which we have not the necessary space.

T. S.—The trick is done by applying a magnet to the watch, a process which is likely to materially injure its value as a time-keeper.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

ALREADY we are in the thick of hunting, and the returns of the various packs in Great Britain and Ireland, which form so important a feature in *Baily's Magazine* for the present month, bear witness to the popularity of the sport, and disclose a state of prosperity which must be pleasing to all well wishers to, as well as to all devotees of, what has been aptly termed "the noble science." The welcome rain is rapidly taking the "bone" out of the ground, the weather has been warm and genial, almost beyond precedent, and followers of the chase are looking forward to a season like the last, when the envious frost hardly kept them from the covert side one single day from November until March. The great charm of hunting (apart from the well sung pleasures and glories of its pursuit) would appear to be the facilities it affords to each of its devotees of enjoying himself after his own peculiar fashion; and those who are apt to jeer at the thrusters, skitters, and macadamisers, should be thankful that all are not anxious to show their prowess in the first flight, when an "ugly rush" might upset their equanimity. A great complaint among Nimrods of the present day is, that far too many people come out with the hounds, and that sport is too often marred by the unruly crowd of horsemen who seem determined to get in everybody's way except their own. Of course more men do hunt than formerly, as might naturally be expected, when we look at the increase of our wealthy population, and above all, to the important part which *fashion* plays in this truly national sport. Hunting has had for some time a literature of its own, but it was never so much written about as now, and there will always be found men anxious to do the "correct thing," and who glory to "see themselves in print," as having been "noticed" among the goodly company which "our correspondent" details with Homeric minuteness as

having assisted at some crack meet of the Blankshire hounds. The consequence is that with certain packs the Master finds himself overwhelmed with the attentions of troops of friends he fervently wishes had never come out to trouble his peace of mind, and there is no apparent remedy for the nuisance, for already there are quite sufficient packs in the United Kingdom to do full justice to the supply of foxes, and they cannot be multiplied to meet the requirements of that ever increasing force, which, whether out of pure love of sport, or merely fashion's sake, put in an appearance at the covert side, whenever the fixture can be attended, by hook or by crook. Therefore the office of Master, never quite a bed of roses, has lately become more of an undertaking than ever, and, as time goes on, gentlemen who undertake to fill the position of chief, must make up their minds to do and suffer more than their forefathers did in the cause of fox hunting. This grievance is supplemented by another, perhaps not quite so easily remedied; for whereas an appeal to a sportsman's forbearance does not often go unheeded, it is different when the pocket is appealed to, as it must be in a greater degree, now that more men hunt, and consequently more expense on their behalf must necessarily be incurred. Many so called "casuals" are vastly indignant at solicitation being made to them to support the hunts with which they are in the habit of enjoying sport with some more substantial token of their good will than an appearance at the meet; and there are men who limit their subscriptions to the smallest possible amounts, instead of measuring their beneficence by the standard of sport endeavoured to be shown by the master and his servants. But these and the like drawbacks are all willingly endured for the sake of showing sport, and in some respects the grievances of Masters are less than they used to be, if we may judge from the squabbles which filled "local" and sporting columns some few years since, and stirred up so much bitter feeling on more than one country side.

The great question of "Fox v. Pheasant" invariably arises to disturb the equanimity of masters of hounds and owners of coverts during the "season of seasons," but we certainly hear less of these unhappy differences than formerly, a fact which may be traced no less to the more chivalrous feeling engendered by the necessity of mutual forbearance, than to a better understanding of the subject, resulting from personal experience on the part of those who make a point of seeing and judging for themselves, instead of relying upon the report of keepers and watchers. It has now come to be understood that both these objects of man's pursuit with dog and gun can live on comfortable terms together, provided that foxes are not allowed to increase beyond reason, and the old idea has been considerably modified, if not altogether dispelled, that the drawing of a covert occasionally spoils sport for the battue-lovers for an indefinite period. No master of hounds, boasting the appellation of gentleman, would, of course, be so churlish as purposely to rattle through places which he has had a friendly warning not to disturb for a few days or weeks; but should hounds in running unavoidably trespass on forbidden ground, it is satisfactory for shooting men to know that, whatever commotion may temporarily arise among the feathered fowl, the disturbed tribes will, with few exceptions, return again to roost in their native woods after quiet has been restored. And as an old fox-hunting friend drily remarked, "The birds would be better for a little excitement, as some of the tame ones would have to get up and fly;" a result in some cases only achieved with as much clamour of beaters as would drown the noise of a pack of hounds in full cry. We trust to the common sense of most country gentlemen to cause them to refrain from offending, whether as riders to hounds or preservers of pheasants; and it is a significant fact, when we consider how strongly the love of fair play is implanted in British bosoms, that public sympathy should almost invariably range itself on the side of the foxhunter's might, as against the right which at first sight would appear to rest with the breeders of pheasants. As to detected vulpecides, we hardly dare mention their names, and they should be pilloried along with the poisoners of hounds, setters of wire fences, and perpetrators of Penge mysteries. Knowing the feelings with which many hunting men regard steeplechasing and its adjuncts, we must apologise for concluding with a few remarks on a subject affecting both kinds of sport in relation to the supply of horses qualified for getting across a country. It will be agreed on all hands that endurance is by no means the least among the many good qualities requisite to make up a "hunter of character"; and it need not be noticed how very far removed from this type of excellence, is the wretched cast off from the flat, which ultimately finds its way to the suburban course, and "graduates" over hurdles or between the flags. Captain Machell has done good service in bringing forward his proposition, "that no hurdle race be run under two miles, and over less than eight hurdles." This is surely a step in the right direction, for if "sprinting" be still the order of the day on the flat, for heaven's sake let not "short cuts" be encouraged in that line of business, of which the only use can be the manufacture of useful hunters out of hitherto unprofitable servants on the flat. Steeplechasing is burlesqued more than enough in certain places, without making a circus affair of it to a still greater degree; and if Captain Machell's proposal becomes law, both it and hurdle racing will be further enabled to fulfil the purposes for which they were established—which we take to be the improvement of cross country horses; and therefore the better equipment of the hunting man.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is speedy and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. Its value is above all others; a single trial proves it. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

A "HEAD" BEATING.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER II.

PORTER what station is this?"

"Holloway, sir."

"All right! catch this portmanteau. I will get out here."

"I had changed my plans. Since I knew nothing about Napoleon Toase, I decided to approach him through Timothy Swenson, with a view to testing his *bona-fides*. I hoped to effect my object by pulling up thus at Holloway and taking a cab to King's Cross."

"Great Northern Hotel. In less than no time, you——"

"All right, sir. Tch, tch." A clean cut of the whip—a flounder—a mighty tug at the shabby harness—and the poor old ex-plater was bowling along as only your thoroughbred London screw can.

The last old lady, with much baggage, animate and inanimate, was being funereally borne from the arrival platform as I stepped from the opposite side of the station, when——

Napoleon Toase for a hundred! accompanied by his bosom friend, George, the potman of the Currycomb and Sponge. I lingered and listened.

"You see, George somethin' may have stopped him at the very larst minute. And though I fancy he's not the cove to mind chuckin' away a bit of silver, as one might say, you must reckon let, George, that he's a lawyer, and 'll nat'rally look for full and correct change for his blessed sixpence. Now——"

"But Nap——"

"Al-low me. Wot I was goin' to remark is this ere. When I read this telegram, I says to myself, says I, 'pre-cise.' And precise it was, George, as you could swear if called upon."

"We was here ten minutes afore she arrived."

"A pound to six D—which is all forty to one, George—on that. Then, what I repeat is, it aint no fault of ours."

"Ours!"

"Hold 'ard. Well, he hasn't turned up by this train, he hasn't sent no message to the office, but I will venture to take slight odds that I shakes hands with him when the next train arrives; at nine fifteen."

Will you? thought I, I doubt it.

"Then, Nap, old man, you'll have to come alone. There's that bagatelle match on to-night, and although the Guv'nor and you is sharin' the book over this ere, neither him nor me could be spared from business at nine fifteen. You'll have to tackle Mr. Bevan by yourself."

A most satisfactory arrangement—for me. I hastened along the platform, in the faint hope of finding the old Yorkshireman yet at his post, intending, in the event of failure, to cautiously look him up at the temporary residence of Mr. Masters, the elder, in Manchester Square. Luck was on my side; there stood Tim, in serious conversation with one of the porters. A shrewd, bright-eyed, clear-complexioned old fellow of fifty or thereabouts—sturdy type of a tribe who devote their lives to the noble animal, just as much as dwarfed, sallow, unsavory Napoleon Toase was the type of a more numerous class, who regard the horse in the light of an animated skittle, or a larger kind of rat to be baited and worried at a profit. The one a shrimpish tout to whom horse-racing was a game, and West Drayton the finest place in all England for playing it; the other (I felt certain) a sportsman of the old-fashioned sort, his memory rich in recollections of glorious days on Doncaster Moor.

"He may have run up wi' t' Midland," observed Tim, as I approached, "but he *said* he would come here, and——"

"Here I am, Tim," I interposed.

"Mr. Bevan?"

"Yes, Tim. If you will step over to my hotel I will explain everything."

"Aw thowt you wad be here, sir," observed the old boy, his eyes sparkling with delight, "mead sartin on't. Aw've a letter for you frae Maister John."

The information in Jack's missive was of a welcome nature, although it in nowise relieved me of my responsibility in regard to the hunt-meeting at Basingstoke. "I am nicely out of my scrape here," he wrote, "thanks chiefly to Rowland's kind offices and my own willingness to partake of the slice of humble pie which the authorities provided for my entertainment. Dawkins is gone, never to return. I might, if I liked, come over to England and ride the mare myself, but I think it will be better for me to remain quiet for the present. Carry the matter through, as I am sure you will, triumphantly. Enclosed is a document, duly signed, sealed, and attested, empowering you to take possession of Mathilde—that is, supposing the Fitzhyser school have the assurance to object to your temporary assumption of ownership—and they are not the people to throw a chance away, I am told. Write to me at your leisure, and believe me, my dear boy," et cetera.

A bold and generous infringement of the bye-law forbidding gratuities to the company's servants, from which the porter afore-said benefited, obviously raised me greatly in the estimation of Tim, and made the porter decidedly "ours."

After the transaction of this piece of diplomacy (it occurred to me that Tim might find the official useful), we sauntered to the hotel, and there I gave the old servant his instructions. He was to take my place that night, meet Toase, drink with the little traitor, appear to fall in with his views, and, if possible, obtain an early interview with the mare. "Work him after your own fashion, you know, and if he thinks that I am not likely to arrive in London for a few days, let him think on." The trusty old fellow gravely contracted his right eyelids and departed.

Before I went to bed he returned. One part of my instructions he had obeyed to the letter. Closing the door with unnecessary care, he, in a husky whisper that was odorous of strong waters, remarked,

"It's all right, sir."

"How—what do you mean, Tim?"

"Aw—aw've seen him."

"Had a glass or two with him, eh?"

"Sheveral."

"So I should have supposed. You—that is, was he sober when you parted with him?"

"Not ex-actly, sir. They carried him to bed."

"That will do. Come to me in the morning at ten o'clock."

"Mak' it eleven, shir. On'y mak' it eleven, an' all hae somethin' to tell you. Nobbut mak' it eleven, an' 't 'll be all reight."

"Very well: eleven be it."

He touched his hat with solemn deliberation, and retired; on this occasion at the safe if somewhat unsteady rate of two English miles an hour.

He duly kept his appointment, looking perfectly "solid and sober"—as the north-country phrase has it. My countenance, as I wished him good morning and hoped he was well, must have betrayed some astonishment at his marvellous weight-carrying capacities, since, with a broad grin, he replied—

"Weel, sir? Nivver was better i' my life. Yon little mowdy-

warp 'd nivver be yabble tee upset me, Mr. Bevan, not if he lived to be as awd as Mac Thuselah. Him! Poor creature. You cuddert put us tegether if it was ivver sea. However, let me tell me story. Aw turned out at faave o'clock this mornin'——"

"At five, Tim," I interrupted, "why so early?"

"Aw'll tell ye. Little Toase yonder said he thowt he could get me a look at the mare this mornin', for the bit lad who does her up (and who's as thick it swindle as on'y of 'em—they're a bonny set, Mr. Bevan, as ivver I heerd tell on), is a confederate of his. He was to see him aforehand, an' I was to drop upon 'em baith as if by accident. I leave you to guess *how* aw managed it, but I did. So noo, sir, if you doant want on'y dealins with a wretch who is gannin' tee sell his master, show me the bonny-side o' that door,—I'm standin' in!"

"No! This is famous. Go on, Tim."

"Hark to their little plot. Not satisfied with doin' a ramp over the Hunt Stakes at Basingstoke, they have entered the mare in another name, given her another owner, and another everything, for a Sellin' Plate at the same meetin'."

"But that is impossible. She would be known."

"Mebby she wad, and mebbe she waddunt. Aw sud know her amang a thousand. But that's all provided for. At present she has a blaze face and two white heels; noo there weant be a white hair about her when she's saddled for that sellin' race. Then this is how they reckon to work it. Mathilde runs in the Hunt Stakes and wins; another, a six-year old gelding belonging to the Fitzhyser division, is likewise started, and runs second."

Mathilde is to be steered by a jockey recommended by my master's friend Mr. Wilkinson. That jockey is as deep in the mud as the captin is in the mire. The second (and they'll be second somehow) 'll be ridden by a groom who calls hissel a gentleman farmer—another confederate o' the captin's. If they find they have the game in their own hands they'll win with the favorite (and a pony weel laid out 'll mak' owt favorite at a cocktail place like Basingstoke), and the second 'll object on the ground of foul ridin'. Aw need not tell you, sir, that the evidence which 'll be given on that head 'ud convince the Admiral hissel."

"What a diabolical plot!"

"And that's not all. Most of the bettin' on the mare'll be forst past the post. The other will be backed here in London. They will be able to get a bit out of the objection, and something both ways out of the Selling Plate: first by backin, the mare safe, then by layin' a shade of odds she don't get the stakes."

"Why, Tim, you almost take my breath away. What scoundrels!"

"No doubt about that, Mr. Bevan. As for takin' your breath away, beggin' your pardon, that's rubbish. I'm not astonished—and I'm a countryman. I thought you London gentlemen wor up to all these little games."

"Not I indeed, Tim. But what must I do?"

"Nowt."

"You surely do not advise me to allow the affair to go on in this way?"

"Aw do though. One moment, sir. If you begin to stir in it, Mr. Napshanks'll step in, and with a broke-down mare you and my master 'd have precious little chance of settlin' this gallant captain."

"You speak in riddles, Swenson," I observed with some severity.

"Do I. Aw thort ivverybody had heerd of Mr. Napshanks. Did you ever have a blow on the shins? Of course you have. You reck'lect how sair it was—how bad to bide. Now supposin' poor Mathilde was to have a number of blows on her shins before the race—do you think it 'ud better her chance?"

"I understand you now."

"Mr. Napshanks is clever, but he wants time. Noo if you let these vagabonds fancy that they are not suspected, they'll neither break down the mare nor blow her out just afore the race with a bucket of water and a feed of carrots, but 'll trust to Johnny Armstrong to pull off one ramp, and a coat of paint to help 'em through the t'other."

"Then you advise me to——"

"Do this, Mr. Bevan. You mun forgive my presumption, but I've seen their hands and—you have the thirteenth trump in your pocket-book, sir, Maister John's authority—I know how they'll play 'em."

"My good fellow, speak your mind."

"Well, sir, supposin' you get a telegram sent to me at the office here, frae you at Lofthouse Grange, sayin' that it will be impossible for you to come to London just now, an' that Lieutenant Masters will hae to mak' some other arrangements?"

"A capital idea."

"Aw can keep an eye on the understrappers, and another on the mare, until the daay."

"Then I deal with the captain."

How shrewd the old boy is, I reflected, as I sat down to carry out his suggestion. What a splendid lawyer he would have made! By the way, what is there in the air of the Ridings that so sharpens up the wits of the inhabitants thereof? A thoroughbred Tyke, with his head set on the right way, and a good piece of his heart in the annals of the Turf—show me his match for capacity to play the game of life as it must needs be played in this "sharpening" world. Telegraph to whom? Aha! a sudden flash of inspiration. To Gertrude. Now that Masters was safely out of his scrape I could honourably explain the reason of my abrupt departure. We could be reconciled! I wrote:

"Tom Bevan, London, to Gertrude Cleavedon, Lofthouse Grange, Saltburn-by-the-sea. Darling Gerty,—long letter reach you in the morning telling everything. Do so miss you. It is of serious importance to me, yourself and others" [a pious fraud this, to frighten her into obedience] "that you copy following and send as from me at once. Say nothing papa till received letter, then use discretion. Will set about writing now."

True, and not true. She was written to, of course, but not until I had despatched urgent epistles, firstly, to a friend of mine who was in a position to afford me the training necessary to get into condition for the Basingstoke affair; and, secondly, to Nevin, the governor's chief clerk, informing him of my presence in town, and requesting him to let me know how matters sped at the office. I naturally cautioned him against disclosing to Mr. Bevan, senior, my unexpected return from Yorkshire.

I carry no "lumber," consequently the seven or eight days' regular work which I obtained in Berkshire sufficed to put me in tiptop fettle, and enable me to scale the requisite weight, ten stone ten, with ease. Gertrude wrote to me in the tone and at the length that might have been expected (feminine forgiveness is ever garrulous); Mr. Nevin "took the earliest opportunity of intimating that Mr. Bevan had but once spoken of me, and then it was to express a wish that I would soon return and make arrangements for the wedding" (brave news for Gerty!); while in due course came brief notes from Swenson and Jack. The former ran thus:—

"It's all right, sir. They have gorged the bait. They think you won't be at Basingstoke. I will, but shan't show till just before the race. I don't want to lose sight of the mare."

The only line in Jack's note that was of immediate interest referred to his friend Major Rowlands; "He is going to spend a few days with some family connections who live near Winchester, and he will run over to the races. Make yourself known or not as you see fit. I have told him everything."

(To be concluded in our next.)

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street.—"What? must I sing you a love song?" (price 4s.) is a song, written by J. Whitcher, Junr., composed by Lovell Phillips. The words are poetical in feeling and expression,—the music is worthy of them,—melodious, graceful, and unaffectedly simple. The word "song," on P. 4, should evidently be printed "songs," in future editions.—"One Word," (price 4s.) written by A. Lamont, composed by Lovell Phillips. The "one word," with which the song begins and ends, is the word "only," and it might be omitted without disadvantage to the poetry, with which it is "only" remotely connected. Mr. Lamont's lines are far above the average. His ideas are poetical, and he clothes them in picturesque and graceful diction. Mr. Phillips has set the words to music in a congenial spirit; and instead of writing in the commonplace ballad form, he has produced a charming little musical poem, well worthy the attention of tenors and barytones.

C. JEFFREYS, 67, Berners Street, W.—"Il Mio Beppin," (price 3s.) music by F. Schira. The words of this Italian song, are taken from a well-known collection of Tuscan popular songs, and are an appeal made by a Tuscan Contadina to her mother, who objects to Beppin as a son-in-law. The leading melody, which recurs in rondo fashion, is remarkably pretty and piquant, and the song merits popularity.—"After long years," (price 3s.) written by E. Oxenford, composed by F. Schira. The words are well written, and the music is melodious and pathetic, but Signor Schira has unfortunately set one passage so that it reads:

After long silent years
That slowly had pass'd away.

NOVELLO & Co., 1, Berners-street, W.—*The Flying Dutchman* (price 3s. 6d. in paper covers, 5s. in scarlet cloth), is an English version, by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, of Richard Wagner's early opera, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and the text has been carefully edited by Mr. Berthold Tours. Only those who have attempted the task of fitting English rhymed translations to German operatic works, can appreciate the difficulties with which Mr. Troutbeck has had to contend. The verb, which is usually found near the beginning of English sentences, comes last in most German sentences, and the translator is confronted with the double difficulty of writing acceptable English, and at the same time of fitting important words to the musical notes which are prominently emphasised in the original. Mr. Troutbeck has discharged a difficult task with considerable success, and if his English adaptation cannot be praised as a model of English lyrical composition, it is at least a faithful interpretation of Richard Wagner's libretto. The score is rendered additionally valuable by the insertion of copious notes which indicate the instruments employed in the original orchestration; the typography is excellent, and Messrs. Novello's edition of *The Flying Dutchman* may be commended as the best which has issued from the English press.—"The Sailor's Evening Hymn," price 4s., is a sacred song, by R. Anderson. The words are acceptable, the melody is simple but pleasing, the time $\frac{3}{4}$, the key F major, the compass 11 notes, from C to F. The accompaniment needs revision. Consecutive fifths have apparently been overlooked.

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, Fleet Street.—"The Galop de Bayazid," (price 4s.) composed by Lady Cecil Gordon, does credit to her ladyship's powers as a composer. She has made no attempt to impart to her Galop the Oriental character which the title might be supposed to imply, but the tunes are bright and melodious, and the Bayazid Galop will be acceptable to lovers of dancing.

HOWARD & Co., 28, Great Marlborough Street, W.—"The Violin Tutor," (price 6d.) by A. Mullen, is described on the title page, as a "new and easy method," containing "concise directions for fingering, bowing," &c. It is a wonderfully cheap little treatise, and would probably be useful to students already acquainted with the finger board of the violin, but it would be almost useless to amateurs desirous of self-instruction, as it contains no diagram of the gamut, and no instruction as to the way in which the notes of the scale are to be produced.

SIMPSON & Co., 33, Argyll Street, W.—"The Knight's Leap," (price 2s. net) is a song by the late Charles Kingsley. The music by J. Hardman is simple, but unequal in merit to the words, but these will probably recommend the song.

WILEY & Co., 7, Argyll Place, W.—"Waiting but to say Farewell." Words by S. Jones, Music by J. J. Monk; is published at 4s. We would much rather have the 4s. than the song. Feebler words and more commonplace music are seldom obtainable.

"R A R U S."

THIS celebrated trotter is sired by Conklin's Abdallah, dam by Telegraph, and is owned by Mr. R. B. Conklin, of Greenport, L.I., and is now generally conceded to be the fastest trotter on the American turf. He began trotting in 1874 and his march to the highest honours of the turf has been very rapid. In his first year he won several races and obtained a record of 2:28 $\frac{1}{2}$. In 1875 he made the circuit in the "2:27 class," and beat some of the best flyers of the day. He won at Cleveland, getting a record of 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, and also carried off a gift purse of 2,000 dols, getting a record of 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Last year he won every race but one he started for in the "2:20 class" of the Septilateral Circuit. He was beaten at Cleveland, by May Queen, but won at the six remaining places, as handily as possible without reducing his record, although it was evident he could do so whenever his driver, John Splann, chose to force him. At Fleetwood Park, N.Y. City, Oct. 26, he beat a very fast field and won a fifth heat in 2:20, and closed the season with that record. Last winter he spent in California, and his races there with the little "Queen of the Turf," Goldsmith Maid, are matters of history. In one race he lapped the little mare out in 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and beat her in another, getting a record of 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$. Since leaving the Pacific slope he has won several "free for all" races, and in an exhibition trot, showed 2:17 $\frac{1}{2}$ on a half mile track; this fall he beat the mammoth trotter, Great Eastern, at Fleetwood Park, N.Y. He also beat the "gallant grey," Hopful, at the same place, getting a record for himself of 2:16. It is more than doubtful if "Rarus" has ever shown his top speed in public, as he has won the majority of his races so easily, that he apparently could have gone much faster if necessary; as it is now he stands at the "top of the heap," and we look for still greater performances from him next year.

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gents' fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 11d. per dozen, and their gentlemen's hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 12s. 9d. per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVT.]

DOGS OF ALL AGES AND BREEDS ARE SUBJECT TO WORMS. SYMPTOMS: Unhealthy appearance of coat, hair looking dead and not lying smoothly, condition bad although appetite good, spirits dull, nose hot and dry, and breath offensive. One dose of NALDIRE'S POWDER removes worms within an hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach and producing first-rate condition. "Khiwla, Itala, North Wales, September 21, 1874.—I gave a NALDIRE'S POWDER to a colley on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a tapeworm 20 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the Powder effectual.—R. I. LEWIS PRICE." NALDIRE'S POWDERS are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., by all Chemists and on receipt of stamps by BARCLAY AND SONS, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]



RABBING.



REVIEWS.

Old and New London—a narrative of its History, its People and its Places. Illustrated with numerous engravings, from the most authentic sources. Edited by E. WALFORD. Vol. 5. London: Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

IN the present volume, the editor takes us through the western suburbs of London, and deals with Belgrave, Knightsbridge, Pimlico, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington, Notting Hill, Bayswater, Tyburnia, Paddington, St. John's Wood, Marylebone, Hampstead, Camden and Kentish Town, Somers Town, Agar Town, Holloway, Highgate, Hornsey, Hackney, Hoxton, Kingsland, Dalston, Stoke Newington, Tottenham, and Stratford-le-Bow. From chapter to chapter, we proceed systematically, noting the spots associated with notable events, the houses in which famous people lived, the rise and growth of roads, streets, squares, and the social changes they brought about; enlivening our way with amusing anecdotes, and the curious things of many a by-way of old London history. We linger awhile at Old Tattersall's renowned auction mart to gossip about the wonders of its rise and growth, before visiting its present building; recall the days when Knightsbridge innkeepers were of evil fame as men who aided and sheltered highwaymen, then the dread of every quiet suburban road; pause by solemn graves; consult time-discoloured registers of baptism; enter the stately abodes of rank and royalty; rest us in the quaint low-browed rooms of ancient inns, and chat about the traditions belonging to them. The site of the Great Exhibition of 1851 recalls its history and influence, its wonders, its successors, and the memory of its chief promoter. Densely populated Pimlico is contrasted with the records of days when its fields, waste lands, and marshes were all uninhabited. We trace out the sites of famous old public gardens, and talk about the old folk whose delight it was to patronise them. We wander around quaint old manor-houses; remember how there were stag-hunts in Chelsea no longer ago than 1796; and pause to record the history of Cremorne from the days when it was a farm downward to our own, its last. From Chelsea Hospital, we ramble to that stately, grander, more fashionable Cremorne of the last century, never-to-be-forgotten Ranelagh, and from there we, of course, go to Vauxhall. Amongst bucks, bloods, and free-thinkers of the last century, fit successors of the Mohocks and Hell-fire clubs of an earlier time, we learn to estimate more highly the present tone of society, and believe in progress, after all. We get amongst the clubs; we amuse ourselves with quaint old signboards; we listen to the recollections of venerable inhabitants; now and then some old, well-authenticated ghost stories detain us, or we pause shudderingly on spots associated with horrible crimes. We note schools where great people were educated, visit famous picture galleries, and seek out the houses in which great painters, writers, inventors, philosophers, actors, and other celebrities of the past were born, or laboured, or died. Gardens delight us, parks invite us to rest in the shadows of their giant trees; dead and forgotten race meetings are resuscitated for us; the grim memories of terrible Tyburn send us, hurrying, away. We follow railways and canals to their origin, and note their extreme usefulness and importance. We consult the records of the Conqueror's Domesday Book, to find how wild forest growth luxuriated where now miles upon miles of closely-packed houses stand, and the warm, pregnant life of mother earth has been ruthlessly killed and buried under acres of cold, hard granite. Of all these, and of many more things too varied and numerous even to hint at, does the volume before us tell, and in closing it we venture to assert that the work it belongs to will, when completed, form by far the most important, best illustrated, cheapest, and completest work of its kind ever issued from the press.

The Christmas Number of London Society. London: Sampson Low & Co.—Although this admirably illustrated and entertaining holiday annual has no feature of striking novelty to render it specially attractive, it has varied stories of incident, well told, together with some pleasantly gossipy papers of a seasonable complexion, which make it on the whole very readable and amusing. Amongst the best of the illustrations is a charming head, surrounded by autumnal emblems, attached to the poem, "We met on Christmas Day"—which, rightly or wrongly, we fancy we have seen before—and Mr. H. Johnson's drawing for the story, "Half a Minute too Late," from which we make the following extract:—"Punctuality is a bad habit. I say so distinctly. All habits are bad, because when they are not good they injure; and when they are good they are bad, because they deprive a good action of the merit of free will, and degrade it into mere slavery. But of all habits, punctuality stands first and foremost in point of utter badness. Defend me from a punctual man! He is arrogant; he considers himself absolved from all other virtues, because he has one for which a clerk or journeyman is paid. He is worse than arrogant, he is an arrogant slave; so degraded as to brag of his slavery. He has no sympathy with free men; he is sordid and mean. To save a wretched minute he will miss a joy. He will put an end to the most interesting conversation to keep an appointment with a lawyer or a tailor—and he is a fool for his pains, because neither lawyers nor tailors are punctual men, not even in sending in their bills. He is doubly a fool, indeed, for he deliberately gives himself a bad character. He expects others to be punctual for his sake, which is selfish. If he is ill-tempered, as cultivators of the pettifoggish virtues mostly are, he quarrels with them; he is incapable of imagining that human nature is not regulated by clockwork; in fact, and in short, and to sum up all, the punctual man is of necessity an arrogant, mean-minded, degraded, haggling fool."

Theo: a Love Story. By Mrs. F. H. BURNETT. London: Frederick Warne & Co.—In Mrs. Burnett's charmingly and simply told love story the men and women, despite the romance of their loves, are real flesh and blood creations, moving amongst scenes of every-day life, and influenced by circumstances common to most people's experience. Yet, for breadth of effect and picturesqueness, we know few modern novels that can compete with it. The scenes, incidents, and characters are finished with elaborate care, and the details are put in with great exactness, yet it is the whole rather than the parts by which we are most impressed. We take the greatest interest in poor Pamela, quiet and pensive, with her faded face, made thin and sharp in the interminable struggles, cares, and anxieties of a small income and a large family of rude, riotous, thoughtless boys, and discontented, complaining girls; to whom she is at once mother and sister. A tender sympathy possesses us for this seemingly cold and impassive, but at times impatient and snappish young woman, as we glean her sad story of love and loss. There is something greatly noble in the girlish beauty, Theo, with her simple thoughts and deep, strong feelings, and the calm, studious Miss Priscilla, whose love, purified from every gross particle of selfishness, strengthens her to make the awful sacrifice by which the happiness of a man she is devotedly attached to, and that of a woman she loves and admires, is at length completed. Denis Oglethorpe lacks the courageous strength of purpose which Mrs. Burnett's heroines boast as heroes in matters of the heart often do, but he is manly and honest, and having lightly done the mischief which begets so much suffering and cruel self-denial, his remorse makes him savagely fierce against himself as "a coward and a villain," who has asked one fond, true-hearted girl to be his wife, because he honoured and revered the nobility of her character, and yet has fallen desperately, helplessly, hopelessly, in love

with another. Lady Throckmorton, a coldly selfish woman of the world, ruthlessly self-willed and determined, who yet has long nursed in secret tender memories of a love lost in her youth, is as well painted as the rest. She is the modern Mephistopheles of the story, as Denis is the Faust. As to Marguerite—well, there the parallel is not quite so clear—but, at any rate, there is this resemblance; Theo and Marguerite both pass into suffering through love and get to heaven at last.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SHREWSBURY—(Concluded).

THURSDAY, NOV. 15.

The SALOPIAN HURDLE RACE of 150 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; about two miles, over eight hurdles. Lord Anglesey's ch m Bugle March, by Trumpeter out of Quick March, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb (inc 10lb ex) J. Adams 1
Mr. Taylor's Turco, 5 yrs, 1st Conolly 2
Mr. Bright's Craven, 4 yrs, 1st 2lb Mr. G. S. Lowe 3
Also ran: Lottery, 4 yrs, 1st 2lb; Labyrinth, 4 yrs, 1st 1lb; Rufina, aged, 1st 8lb; Professor, 4 yrs, 1st 6lb. 100 to 30 each agst Turco and Bugle March, 4 to 1 agst Labyrinth, 7 to 1 each agst Lottery and Craven, and 10 to 1 each agst Rufina and Professor. Won by eight lengths. Bad third.

A SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; one mile and a half, over six hurdles, was won by Mr. Fitzroy's b g Birbeck, by Trumpeter out of Hepatica, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb (50 sovs) (J. Jones), beating (by three parts of a length) Kate, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb (50); Anchorite, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb (50), and five others. 11 to 30 on Birbeck, 3 to 1 agst Kate, 100 to 8 each agst Bank Note and Creese, and 20 to 1 agst others. A bad third. Bought in for 300s, and Mr. Quartly claimed Kate.

The ANGLESEY NURSERY HANDICAP of 100 sovs, 5 sovs each, with remainder from the fund, for two-year-olds. About five furlongs, was won by Mr. Chaplin's ch f by Knowsley out of Bab at the Bowster, 8st 8lb (H. Jeffery) beating (by a length) Wrangle, 7st 9lb; Flame, 7st 12lb, and four others. 11 to 10 agst the Bab at the Bowster filly, 100 to 15 agst Brava, 7 to 1 agst Miser, and 10 to 1 each agst Flame and Mdlle. de la Vallée. A head between second and third.

The COLUMN HANDICAP, a Welter Cup of 300 sovs in specie, by 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and 3 &c., 250 added. About one mile and a quarter. Mr. Bowes's b m Skotzka, by Blair Athol—Klarinska, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb (car 8st 12lb) Mr. J. Peart, jun 1
Mr. G. Jarvis's Drumhead, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 5lb ex) C. Archer 2
Mr. Chaplin's Strike, 4 yrs, 1st (inc 10lb ex) H. Jeffery 3
Also ran: Redoubt, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (inc 5lb ex); Patagon, 4 yrs, 9st (inc 5lb ex); Bonnie Robin, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex); Trommel, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (inc 5lb ex). 2 to 1 agst Trommel, 100 to 3 agst Drumhead, 5 to 1 agst Strike, 6 to 1 agst Bonnie Robin, 100 to 12 agst Redoubt, and 10 to 1 each agst Patagon and Skotzka. Won by five lengths, with Strike third, Trommel fourth, Redoubt fifth, and Bonnie Robin last.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, six furlongs; was won by Lord Hartington's bk f Merry Thought, by Pero Gomez out of Happy Thought, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (H. Jeffery), beating (by three lengths) Deluder, yrs, 7st; Kismet, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb; and seven others. 5 to 2 agst Kismet, 5 to 1 agst Brigg Boy, 6 to 1 agst Caramel, 8 to 1 agst Deluder, 10 to 1 each agst Merry Thought, Highland Laddie, and Bramble. Two lengths between second and third.

The ACTON BURNELL STAKES of 100 sovs, by 5 sovs each, with remainder added from the fund; five furlongs; was won by Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's b h Robin, by Romeo out of Umaru, 5 yrs, 9st (50 sovs) (F. Archer), beating (by a length and a half) St. George, 4 yrs, 9st (50); and two others. 15 to 8 agst King Jamie, 2 to 1 each agst Robin and St. George, and 10 to 1 agst Fareham. Sold to Mr. H. Hobson for 155s.

The CALDECOT NURSERY of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two year olds; winners extra; about half a mile straight. Lord Bateman's ch f Midsummer, by Moulsey out of Hawthornside, 5st 12lb Barrett 1
Mr. G. Archer's Nydia, 6st 2lb (car 6st 3lb) W. Johnson 2
Mr. James Sanders's Ellen Douglas, 7st 8lb (car 7st 9lb) Loates 3
Also ran: King Sheppard, 6st 11lb (car 6st 12lb); Bonny Betty, 6st 6lb (inc 5lb ex); Brenta, 6st 4lb (car 6st 5lb); Mistress of the Robes, 6st 2lb; Haddon, 6st 2lb; Apple Blossom, 6st 5lb (inc 5lb ex). 2 to 1 agst Nydia, 3 to 1 agst Haddon, 8 to 1 agst Apple Blossom, 10 to 1 each agst Ellen Douglas, Brenta, and King Sheppard, and 20 to 1 agst Midsummer. Won by a head; a length between second and third.

The BATTLEFIELD HANDICAP of 150 sovs, added to 10 sovs each. About three-quarters of a mile. Mr. T. Cannon's ch g Timour by Cambuscan out of Lady Sophie, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb Watts 1
Mr. Crawford's The Reeve, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb Luke 2
Mr. Brayley's Rosewater, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb Gallon 3
Also ran: Euxine, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (car 7st); Distingue, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb; Bondsman, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb. 2 to 1 agst Distingue, 4 to 1 agst The Reeve, 9 to 1 agst Euxine, 6 to 1 agst Bondsman, and 7 to 1 each agst Timour and Rosewater. Won by three-parts of a length, a head between second and third.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, two miles on the flat, was won by Mr. C. Carr's b h Zaandam by Y. Dutchman out of Midwife, 6 yrs, 13st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) (Mr. T. Spence), beating (by a neck) Agnes Peel, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb; Miss Maud, 4 yrs, 12st, and four others. 6 to 4 agst Zaandam, 4 to 1 agst Temple View, and 6 to 4 agst Agnes Peel.

FRIDAY, NOV. 16.

A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added two miles on the flat, was won by Mr. H. Owen's ch g Crocus, by Loiterer out of Money Spinner, 6 yrs, 12st (50 sovs) (Owner) beating (by four lengths) Amoroso, 6 yrs, 12st (50) and two others. 11 to 8 on Crocus, 4 to 1 agst Goubri, and 10 to 1 agst others. Bought in for 100s.

The FORESTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Winner to be sold for 100 sovs; about five furlongs, was won by Mr. F. Gretton's b h Sulieman by Knight of the Crescent out of Queen of Prussia, aged, 8st (Constable), beating (by a length) Hopbine, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb and two others. 5 to 4 on Hopbine, 3 to 1 agst Sulieman, and 5 to 1 agst others. Bought in for 200s.

The HAWKSTONE WELTER CUP of 200 sovs in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 sovs added; professionals 5lb extra; the New Mile. Mr. T. Cannon's br c Speculation, by Brahma out of Lady Emma, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb (inc 5lb extra) Owner 1
Mr. R. Peck's Plaisante, 3 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 5lb ex) F. Webb 2
Mr. Bowes's Skotzka, 5 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 5lb ex) Mr. Peart, jun. 3
Also ran: Great Tom, 4 yrs, 1st 8lb (inc 5lb ex); Hippias, a rosl 2lb (inc 5lb ex); Trommel, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex). 5 to 4 agst Plaisante, 5 to 1 agst Speculation, 6 to 1 each agst Great Tom and Skotzka, 10 to 1 agst Trommel, and 100 to 8 agst Hippias. Won easily by a length; a bad third.

The NEWPORT CUP, value 300 sovs, by 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added; the New Mile, straight. Mr. Chaplin's b h Strike, by Saccharometer out of Stolen Moments, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (500 sovs) H. Jeffery 1
Lord Kesteven's Ghost, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (500) Huxtable 2
Major Stapylton's Sign Manual, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb J. Macdonald 3
Also ran: Grandee, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (500); King Death, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb (500). Morgan weighed for Mr. H. Owen's Chopin, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb, who did not reach the post in time to start. 2 to 1 agst Sign Manual, 9 to 4 agst Strike, 9 to 2 agst King Death, and 8 to 1 agst Ghost. Won easily by a length; a dead-heat for second. Not sold.

The WHITEHALL NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, for two year olds. Winner to be sold for 200 sovs; entrance 2 sovs; five furlongs. Sir A. B. C. Dixie's b c Miser, by Capitalist out of Brown Agnes, 8st Morgan 1
Mr. T. Cannon's Brown Saxon, 7st 8lb Watts 2
Mr. R. Peck's Love Apple, 8st 1lb Constable 3
Also ran: Fernando, 8st 12lb; Vic, 8st 5lb; c by Strathconan—Traffic, 8st; Mdlle de la Vallée, 7st 5lb. 5 to 4 on Love Apple, 4 to 1 agst Vic, 6 to 1 agst Miser, and 10 to 1 agst Brown Saxon. Won by a length; three lengths between second and third. Bought in for 330s.

The WREKIN STAKES of 100 sovs, by 5 sovs each, with remainder from the fund; five furlongs; was won by Mr. A. Gwynne's b c Highland Laddie, by Orest—Lass of Scotland, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (50 sovs) (Parkinson), beating (by a neck) Robin, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (50); Baumber, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (50); and three others. 100 to 30 agst Tantrum, 4 to 1 (at first 2 to 1) agst Baumber, 4 to 1 agst Norseman, 6 to 1 agst Robin, and 10 to 1 agst Highland Laddie. Two lengths between second and third.

The SHREWSBURY CUP (Handicap) of 500 sovs in specie, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, h ft; winners extra; the second saved his stake; entrance 3 sovs. &c.; about two miles. Mr. F. Gretton's b g Pageant, by Ell and out of Panoply, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb Cannon 1
Duke of Montrose's Hopbloom, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 10lb ex) Chesterman 2
Lord Bradford's Zuchero, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb Hopkins 3
Mr. Masque's Cornbrook, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb J. Macdonald 4
Mr. J. Core's Chesterton, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb Morgan 5
Mr. F. Jennings's Sheldrake, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (inc 5lb ex) W. Johnson 6
Mr. C. Rayner, jun's Patagon 4 yrs, 6st 1lb R. Morris 7
Mr. Crawford's Peterboro', 3 yrs, 6st Gallon 8
Norwich was struck out at 12.30 p.m.

6 to 4 agst Pageant, 5 to 1 agst Chesterton, 100 to 15 agst Zuchero, 7 to 1 agst Hopbloom, 100 to 9 agst Sheldrake, and 100 to 8 agst Peterboro'. Won very easily by half a length. Zuchero was a bad third, and Peterboro' fourth, while Chesterton, Sheldrake, and Patagon finished in a cluster, through the former having been pulled up on the post, and the tailed off Cornbrook was stopped at the distance.

The LONGNER STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs, added to handicap sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; about two miles. Duke of Hamilton's b g Birdcatcher, by Revolver out of Young Lena Rivers, aged, 12st 7lb (inc 10lb ex) R. Marsh 1
Mr. T. Jennings's Canard, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb T. Jennings, jun 2
Mr. E. Sydney's Mayflower, aged, 10st 10lb J. Billing 3
Also ran: Rufina, aged, 11st 5lb; Duchess of Gloucester, aged, 10st 1lb; Broth of a Boy, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb. 7 to 4 agst Duchess of Gloucester, 2 to 1 agst Birdcatcher, 6 to 1 agst Broth of a Boy, 8 to 1 agst Canard, and 10 to 1 agst Mayflower. Won in a canter by twelve lengths; bad third.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 50 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; about one mile and a half, over six hurdles. Mr. Taylor's Turco, by Selim out of Breda, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. G. Moore 1
Mr. Hoad's Miss Truelove, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb Mr. G. S. Lowe 2
Duke of Montrose's b f Labyrinth, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb E. Moran 3
Duke of Hamilton's Pearldrop, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb R. Marsh 4
Mr. J. Johnson's Creese, 3 yrs, 11st 5lb S. Daniels 5
6 to 4 agst Turco, 2 to 1 agst Pearldrop, 4 to 1 agst Labyrinth, and 6 to 1 Miss Truelove. Won by two lengths; a head between second and third and third and fourth. Creese did not pass the post.

MR. PEDDIE'S address is

2, Place Frédéric Sauvage, Boulogne-sur-Mer.—Advr.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. SILEM (Eton College).—We greatly regret that, owing to an accident, your letter did not reach us until a few days ago. We like the problem you enclosed very much, and shall be glad to hear from you again.

P. W. (Kensington).—In the Dundee Tournament, certainly the most successful ever played in the provinces, the first prize was won by Herr Newmann, second by Herr Steinitz, and Messrs. De Vere and Macdonnell were bracketed for the third.

S. O. HOLLOWAY.—"The City of London Chess Magazine" was published by Messrs. Longmans, &c., of whom, no doubt, it can still be obtained; if not, apply to Mr. Potter, City Club, Moufflet's, Newgate-street.

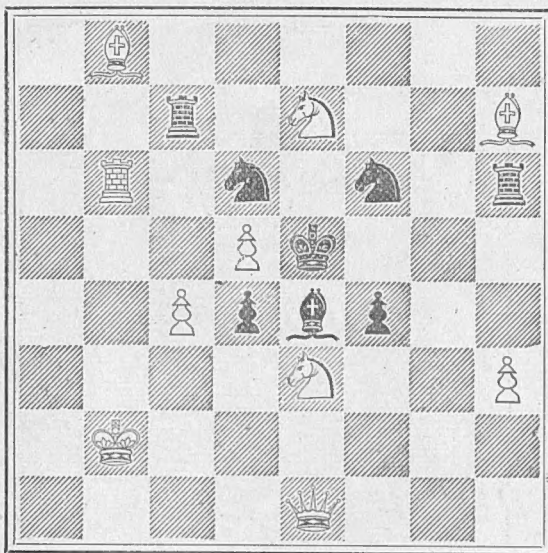
J. P. (Strand).—Captain Mackenzie left London for America in the summer of 1863, and has resided ever since in that country.

L. L. D.—We cannot tell you who are likely to attend the Paris Tourney, next year, as the representatives of English Chess. The announcements made last week in the daily newspapers were mere guesses.

PROBLEM NO. 166.

(By W. FOSTER.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

In the following game, which was played in the last Handicap Tourney of the City Club, Mr. Potter gave the odds of Pawn and two moves:—

[Remove Black's K B P.]

WHITE. (Mr. Stevens)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter)	WHITE. (Mr. Stevens)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter)
1. P to K 4	16. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 3	17. R to R 3	P to B 4
3. B to Q 3	P to K 3 (a)	18. Q R to K sq	Q to K sq
4. P to Q B 4	O to K 2	19. P to B 5 (e)	R to R 3
5. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. Kt takes P (f)	R takes Q
6. Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3	21. Kt takes R (ch)	K to B 2
7. P to Q 5 (b)	Kt to R 2	22. R to K 7 (ch)	Q takes R
8. P to Q Kt 4	P to K Kt 3	23. K Kt takes Q	Q Kt takes K
9. P to Q R 4 (c)	R to Kt 2	24. Kt takes K	Kt takes Kt
10. Q to B 2	Kt to K B 3	25. P takes Kt	B to Q 5 (ch)
11. P to K 5 (d)	P takes K P	26. K to R sq	P to Kt 4
12. Kt takes P	P takes P	27. P to Kt 4	B to Kt 2
13. P to B 4	Kt to B 3	28. P to R 4	R to K sq (s)
14. Castles	Kt takes Kt P	29. P to Kt 5	R to K 7
15. B takes P (ch)	P takes B	Resigns.

(a) The royal pawns played as here, go to form about the best defence that Black can adopt.

(b) Aggressive but weak; the pawns ought not to be thus advanced until they can inflict real injury.

(c) "Still they come," but, to no purpose.

(d) White must learn to restrain the fury of his on-rushing pawns.

(e) The proper course here was Q takes Q, and then check with Kt at Kt 6, winning at least the exchange.

(f) Chessy, but not chess. White must now emerge from the slaughter with an utterly hopeless game.

(g) Black loses no time whatever in consummating his victory.

A SMART little game, played lately between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and one of the strongest members of the Sheffield Club.

[Allgaier Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. T.)	BLACK. (Mr. Earnshaw)	WHITE. (Mr. T.)	BLACK. (Mr. Earnshaw)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. B to Kt 3	Q Kt to B 3
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	15. Q B to B 4	Kt to Kt 3
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4	16. B takes B P	B to Q 2
4. P to K R 4	P to Kt 5	17. P to R 5 (b)	Q R to Q B sq
5. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3	18. P to K 5	Q to Kt 4
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt	19. B to Q 6	Q takes R P
7. B to B 4 (ch)	P to Q 4	20. Q to Q 3	B to B 4
8. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2 (a)	21. Q to B 4	Q Kt takes K P
9. P to Q 4	Q to B 3	22. Q to Q 5	K R to K sq
10. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 5	23. Q R to K sq (d)	Q to R 6
11. Castles	P to B 6	24. R to B 2	Q takes P (ch)
12. P to Kt 3	B takes Kt	25. K to B sq	Q to R 6 (ch)
13. P takes B	Kt to K 2	26. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 6 and wins.

(a) Probably the best square for the King at this juncture, but he can be played to his own square with perfect safety.

(b) This move not only renders a valuable pawn defenceless, but also removes the principal obstacle that prevents the Black Q from coming unpleasantly close to the White K.

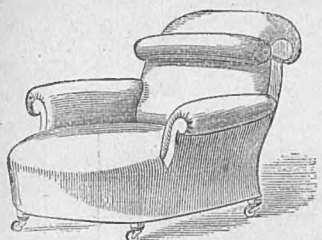
(c) The best reply. White must now eventually lose his Q R P.

(d) Useless; but it matters not what he plays, as Black's next and unpreventable move, Q to R 6, must win the game.

MR. DUFFY's numerous friends will be glad to hear that he arrived safely at New York on the 16th inst.

THE Handicap at the City of London Club is making good progress, and the rooms are crowded every club night. As soon as the second round is concluded, which will take place one day next week, we intend to give the names of the conquerors, and also some of the best games that have been played in the Tourney.

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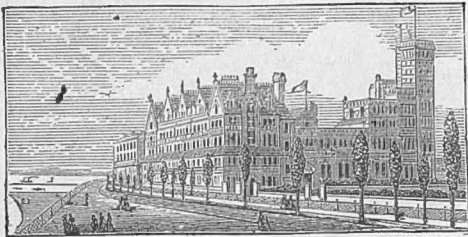
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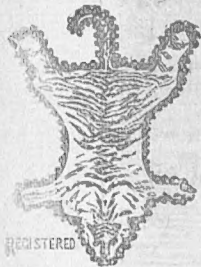
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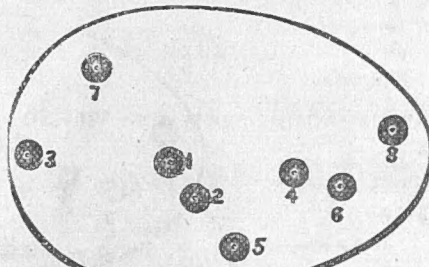


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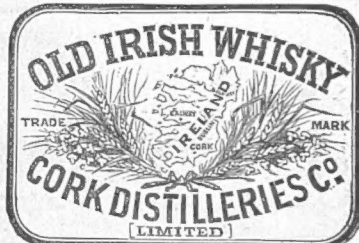
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